THE
Female Gallant
OR, THE
WIFE'S
THE
CUCKOLD.
A
NOVEL.

by Alex. O'Ellis.

LONDON,
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TO

My much Esteemed

FRIEND,

Mr. *Cardell Goodman.*

SIR,

I Wou'd fain say some-thing new to you in this Dedication; but our Great Masters in Wit, have already so far out-done me, that I must de-

ſpair of Entertaining you as I wou'd. To ſay I do not pretend to make you any acknowledgements here, of the Favours *I have already receiv'd; becauſe it looks as if I deſign'd to pay a* Debt, *by borrowing a much greater Sum of the ſame Perſon; is* Old, *tho' 'tis* True. *And for me to attempt here to give the World a Character of* You, *wou'd extream-*

ly

ly leſſen you; and you wou'd appear like a Great Beauty drawn by a Houſe-dawber: And that part of Mankind, which has the happineſs to be truly *acquainted with you, wou'd throw ſtones at me for my Ignorance, and Preſumption. Some of that happy number who have needed it, have ſufficiently known your Generoſity, nor have I wanted my ſhare of that Knowledge.*

The Dedication.

Your Sense and Judgement have been too Evident to be question'd by any Man *that pretends to either: And they are such as I ought to* dread *upon this Occasion. You have adorn'd the* Best, *and* Highest Characters, *and have sometimes help'd Heaven to make a* Poet.

I shall say nothing in de-

defence of the Discourse I'm going to make you; because it wants more than I can pretend *to offer for it. Only thus much, that it was really* design'd *to please* YOU, *and all that read it; as well as to oblige the Book-seller, and my self.*

In short, I fear *Sir, you'll find* your Entertainment but Rude, and Homely; *But I*

hope, not Ill-natur'd, *nor* Uncivil. *You have your Bill of Fare in the Title Page, and if I have dreſs'd any one Diſh* to your Palate, *I wiſh you may make a* Hearty, *but not a* Nauſeous *meal of it; and then I'm ſure* I ſhall be *the* moſt *ſatisfy'd. You are my Chief Gueſt, Sir, and for* your ſake, *Mr.* Briſcoe *and I are in hopes, that we ſhall have the* Greater

and

and Better Company. *Who, if they bring as much Candour, as I beg you now to be guilty of; with you, will pardon, Sir,*

Your Obliged, and

Humble Servant,

Alexander Oldis.

THE

THE

London Jilt:

OR, THE

Female Cuckold.

SIR *Beetlehead Gripely* liv'd in a great, ugly, old-fashioned House, somewhere in the City; in a Place almost as Obscure as That of his Birth, and *as dark as his Deeds*; and was a Money Scrivener, which (as I am told) is a *devilliſh good Occupation*. In this he got, within

the Space of Seven Years, an Eſtate of near 12000 *l.* and purchaſed him a Wife of his own Houſhold, worth twice as much for her incomparable Qualities, had ſhe been expos'd to Sale at a more convenient Market. Her Unmarried Names (I won't ſay her *Maiden Names*, though ſhe was his Chamber-maid) were *Winny Wagtail*, of the Great and Notorious Family of the *Wagtails* in *Caſtle-ſtreet*, near *Long Acre*, not far from the Square, where, at preſent, I have an Apartment: But, upon her Marriage to Sir *Beetlehead*, ſhe was Dignify'd and Diſtinguiſh'd by the Name and Quality of The Lady *Gripely*; by whom the Knight had Iſſue only *Philandra*; a Lady of moſt Prodigious and Various Qualifications.

When ſhe was about Eight Years old ſhe went twice a Week, beſides

beſides *Sundays*, to hear either the Painful Mr. *B*..... Mr. *D*..... or Mr. *F*....., where ſhe would Sigh and Weep as heartily, as if ſhe were already in Love and Deſpair; and would ſing Pſalms till ſhe was e'en Black in the Face again for want of Breath. —— (Is not that better than to ſay ſhe ſung like a Nightingale? for I never heard a Nightingale ſing Pſalms.) Theſe Acquiſitions (doubtleſs) ſhe had from her Obſervation of the Pious Lady her Mother, who (poſſibly) had been one of the *Sweet Singers of Iſrael.* At leaſt, we cannot doubt that ſhe was *always one of the Family of Love.* At Twelve Years of Age, the Beautiful and Zealous *Philandra* could tell who was the Faireſt, who the Strongeſt, and who the Wiſeſt Man, which I hope ſhe has not yet forgot; ſince

they were all for her Turn, especially the last; for he had most Love, most Money, and most Honour. At Thirteen she could say all *Perkin*'s Catechism by Rote, both Questions and Answers; and could give as good an Account of all the Sermons she heard, as any of those that preached 'em. Besides, she had a most Rapacious Apprehension, and Tenacious Memory of all the newest Jests and Songs about Town and Court; could quote you any part of the Academy of Complements, as readily as her Teachers did the Scripture, and apply it more properly, and with less Abuse. At Fourteen she was sent to the Boarding-School at *Hackney*, not without the Tutelage of an Old Aunt by her Father's side, who died in less than a Twelve Month's Time of a Surfeit of those Vanities

Vanities ſhe daily ſaw there. After which, the Niece improv'd to a Miracle in all the Arts of Gallantry: Though, to give her her due, ſhe was at *Firſt* a very good Proficient in either of 'em; but now, all on a ſuddain, ſhe became moſt perfect in all, in each, and ſingular of 'em. When ſhe ſung, the Angels would ſtand liſtening to her with their Fingers in their Mouths: What then d'you think poor Men would do? Why (Faith) nothing but hold their peace, that they might the better hear her; and ſilently wiſh, that they had the ſpoiling of ſo good a Voice. When ſhe Danc'd, the Sparks have ſworn that ſhe was Begotten by *Mercury*: And I am apt to believe it; for, Men ſay her Father was a Thief by his Vocation, —— But their Reaſon was, becauſe ſhe mov'd, as if ſhe

had Wings at her Feet. When she Writ a *Billette doux*, she did it with more Elegancy and Tenderness than Madam *Scaron* [or *Maintenon.*] When she Dictated to Madam *Montespan*, the Letters she writ to *Louis Le Grand.* In short, she had an abundance of Grace in all her Words and Actions, but the Devil a bit in all her Thoughts. Yet this I am oblig'd to say for her, that, notwithstanding all these Egregious Acquisitions, and Extraordinary Imbellishments, she was not *Spiritually* Proud, though the World may believe, by the Sequel, that she was *Carnally* Proud; witness the several Intrigues she had at the Chaste Boarding-School, before she came to Converse in this Leud Town and Court: Not that she ever *finish'd* one, till about the Eighteenth Year of her Tyranny.

Tyranny. As to her Perſon, ſhe was really very Beautiful, being extreamly like our late Famous Dutcheſs now in *France*, as nearly reſembling her as the Knight of *Tunbridge*, or my ſelf, reſemble the Figure of the late Incomparable *Scaron*; and ſhe was as Cunning as t'other for the Heart of her.

While ſhe was under Education, among the reſt, Sir *Blunder Slouch* was her daily Votary. A Spark every way accompliſh'd to bear the Marks of his Wife's Kindneſs to another Man; of a moſt eaſie and credulous Nature to the fair Sex; a tall, heavy, cold, phlegmatick Booby; a great Coward, and very Rich; by Profeſſion a *Norwich* Factor; a great Favourite of Sir *Beetlehead's*, ſo like him in his Intellects, Religion and Morals, that *Gripely* was re-

ſolved, ſince he was not his own lawfully begotten Son, he ſhould be his Son by Marriage; which (doubtleſs) he had brought to Perfection, had the Old Man lived but a Quarter of a Year longer.

Beſides this *Slouch* you may be pleaſed to obſerve, that in the long and tedious Catalogue of her Adorers, there was found, as Ringleader of all thoſe her well-affected Subjects and Slaves, the Lord *Bellamant*, a Beau of the Firſt Rate, a young, beautiful Spark, of true Courage and Gallantry, and of near 5000 *l.* a Year Eſtate; of Wit and Humour enough to accompliſh any thing he undertook. He and his Siſter were Twins, wherefore (as I am told) they were born much about the ſame time. At moſt (as I am credibly inform'd by the Learned)

Learned in ſuch Caſes) there could not be a Quarter of a Year's Difference in their Age: And they were ſo paſſing alike, that one of his Legs was not more like t'other, than ſhe was to him, though his Legs were both equally proportionable and handſome. Their Stature was equal, their Complexion the ſame, being exceeding Fair; the Tone of their Voices alike ſoft and charming; each had a Mole on the Right Cheek, but his was not ſo obvious to Sight, becauſe of his Perruke, and therefore rarely taken notice of. Their Thoughts and Paſſions proceeded as from one Soul; only Nature and different Education, according to their Sexes, had given *Aradella* (for that was her Name if you'll believe me; or, if you don't, I cann't tell how you'll be better ſatisfied) a greater ſhare of

Modeſty and ſtrictneſs of Vertue than her Brother.

On this Extraordinary Man *Philandra* thought ſhe had beſtow'd her deceitful Heart: Nay and, I dare ſay, at ſometimes ſhe did moſt paſſionately and intirely love him. Letters paſt daily between 'em, while ſhe was under her yet innocent Exerciſes. But —— as the Devil would ha't, (who ow'd her a ſpite, though I cann't tell for what, for, I'll be ſworn, ſhe never diſoblig'd him *wittingly* in all her Life) one Day, as ſhe was Dancing, ſhe dropp'd a Letter which ſhe had written in Anſwer to one of the Lord *Bellamant's*; and who ſhould take it up but that damn'd, eternal Coxcomb, Sir *Blunder*, who was moſt plaguily Aſſiduous in his Viſits to her, eſpecially on Dancing Days. The Booby (it ſeems) could

could Read; and finding it Inſcrib'd *To the Lord Bellamant*, whom he had ſeen there Twice or Thrice, began to be troubled with a ſwelling at his Noſe, having ſome reaſonable Jealouſie, that *Bellamant* dreſs'd and talk'd ſomewhat finer than he; though he could not allow him to be half ſo proper a Fellow —— The witty Dog concealing his Reſentments, clapp'd the Letter into his Pocket, as rightly imagining ſhe would never look for it there: Nor truly did ſhe miſs it, till he had the Opportunity of Reading it as he was going for *London* in his Hackney-Coach; when, releaſing it from the fulſome Company of his Bills and Bonds, he found under Hand and Seal theſe Words following:

My

MY LORD,

IF your Lordſhip could aſſure me, that what you have ſaid and written to me, were not a piece of Gallantry natural to you, and in Courſe to all young Creatures of our eaſie Sex, I ſhould certainly have Reaſon to think my ſelf the happieſt Creature breathing in your Lordſhip's Eſteem; however, be your Addreſs real or feign'd, it appears ſo Advantageouſly for you, that I cannot chuſe but wiſh, that you did ſincerely Love

PHILANDRA.

Uds Fives and Nines! (cry'd *Slouch* aloud) here's fine work! Are you taken with your fine Show! A poor, young Fellow, hardly Nineteen, with ne're a hair upon

upon his Chin; and because (forsooth) he can Dance! Soft and Fair! This Pace will never carry it.—— Yet how shall I prevent it?—— Oh!—— I think I've found it out.—— He's a Rank Papish, and Sir *Beetlehead* hates a Papish as bad as I do; which I do as utterly as Plain-dealing and Poverty. But if she Loves him, what then?—— Why let 'em Marry in the Devil's Name, so I can but get her Father to disinherit her; (which I should not despair of in the least were it not for her Mother; who is as Wanton, and altogether Vain, as she. In this perplexity he got at last to *Gripely*'s old Enchanted Castle, where a great many Widows and Orphans lay Bound in *Vellum and Paper* so fast, that 'tis not expected they should e'er get loose till Doom's-day, when, 'tis thought,

they

they may Hamper *Him:* But the old Fellow thinks 'tis a great while hence, and means to make all the present use of his Money that he can. Just at the Hall Door the Two Villains encountred; *Slouch* accosted the old One with a Face full of Concern, contrary to what he was wont coming from *Philandra*, insomuch that Sir *Beetlehead* himself took notice of it: What's the Matter Sir *Blunder?* (said he) How does my Daughter? Not so well as she should, (reply'd t'other) or as you would have her, I fear. How! how! (cry'd the Father) what mean you, Sir *Blunder?* Explain your self, ('pray) for I am in the Dark. (Which, no doubt, he was in any part of that curs'd Fabrick, without the help of Artificial Lights.) This Paper your Daughter dropp'd (said Sir *Blunder*)

Blunder) and I took it up unknown to her; out of which if you can pick any thing to your Satisfaction, I pray do, Sir. The old Man, taking the Letter, was forc'd to go into the Back-Parlour, that look'd into a Neighbour's Garden; where, by the help of Four Eyes, he made a ſhift to read it aloud in his Lady's hearing. At the end of it he rav'd out, Uds precious, my Lady! Theſe are wicked Times indeed, when our Children are plotting the Ruine of their Parents, and contriving the Infirmity of their Families. The Infamy, you mean, (interrupted ſhe.) But where's the hurt of this? For I underſtand the Buſineſs. What if the Lord *Bellamant* have a Paſſion for her, and ſhe for him? Where's the danger of it? He is a Perſon of Honour, he has a good Eſtate, and

and is a rising Man at Court. For my part, I could wish 'twere a Match. How, Madam, (cry'd *Slouch* rudely) Why he's a Papish! Ay, he's a Papish, my Lady! (echo'd the old dry Trunk) What of that? (said the young Lady of about Forty) Is not King *James* our Sovereign a Papist? No, no, my Lady (reply'd Threescore and Twelve) he is a Roman Catholick. That's the same Thing (said she.) You'll pardon me, my Lady (returned *Gripely*) for every Subject who is that way given, though he were a Duke, is a Papish; and the King and Queen only are Roman Catholicks. Well but (interrupted she) what danger do you apprehend from your Daughter's Marrying to this Papist-Lord? What danger? (cry'd the old Knight, straining his Voice; which threw

threw him into a violent Fit of Coughing, that forc'd out one of his Nine Teeth.) Uds precious, my Lady! why; Fire, and Faggot, and Gun-powder, and Squibs, and Crackers, and Serpents, and Devils, and Papists, would continually be Buzzing and Sputtering about our Ears; and not a Corner of our House would be free from a Dark Lanthorn. No, no, I'll ha' no Papish Son-in-Law I can assure you, my Lady. Therefore *Reins* our Butler, Porter, Groom and Coachman shall make ready the Coach, and I'll fetch her Home to Night before to Morrow. Indeed, Madam (said *Slouch*) 'tis the only way to prevent the Ruine both of her Soul and Body. Why of her Body? (ask'd the Lady-Mother) good Sir *Blunder!* mayn't a Papish Lord *Do* as well as a Presbyterian

terian Knight? But —— no matter —— if my Lovy Sir *Beetle-head* is resolve t have her home, I hope I may bear him Company to fetch her. With all his own poor Heart, (replied *Gripely*, chucking her under the Chin.) Thou art my dear Bird, and my most Kind and Dutiful Lady-Wife. Sir *Blunder* (said the Lady) I suppose you may spare your self the Trouble of a second Visit to my Daughter this Day. She will have time enough to thank you for your Care at her Return. *Slouch* was not altogether such a Booby, but he perceived it was a kind of Reprimand by the manner of her Address to him: Wherefore he only made a silent slovenly bow. And they proceeded in their short, but tedious Journey. You may believe 'twas tedious to the Lady-Mother,

Mother, becauſe *Reins* was obliged to drive very ſlowly and gently, for fear of breaking, or at leaſt disjointing, his Aged Maſter's Bones.

No ſooner had Sir *Blunder* had his Audience of Congé at the Boarding-School, than *Philandra* was accoſted with the moſt profound Reſpects of a ſtrange Gentleman, who fell paſſionately in Love with her there that very Afternoon; who, though he was not Dignified with any Title of Honour, or Quality, above that of a Gentleman, yet was eminently diſtinguiſh'd from moſt of his Degree, by an Eſtate of near 6000 *l.* a Year; and add to this the Advantages of his Perſon, Mind, and Education; which were all very extraordinary; and you will conclude he muſt certainly ſucceed in any Amorous Attempt.

You

You muſt be acquainted with him by the Name of *Worthygrace*; which Name his Family had born time out of mind. —— (Faith) I cannot particularly tell you how long, but you may aſſure your ſelf 'twas ever ſince they were ſo called. He had inquired (it ſeems) of her Birth and Fortune: The laſt of which (poſſibly) he lik'd as well almoſt as her Perſon. Their Circumſtances was moſt agreeable in every point, but one; and that was in Age: For he was near Thirty, and ſhe not Seventeen. Madam (ſaid he, approaching her with Mr. *Stepwell* her Dancing-Maſter, who had the Honour of his Acquaintance) I come to make my moſt humble Acknowledment to you, of the greateſt Obligation that you could poſſibly place on a Perſon, which is yet ſo perfectly miſerable as to be

be altogether unknown to you. Sir, (*reply'd the Fair False One*) your Diſcourſe is abſolutely as ſtrange to me, as your Perſon; yet, tho' they are both ſurpriſing, I will not call 'em troubleſome; nor ſhall I be yet Curious to know what the Obligation is you talk of: Yes, Madam, (*Interrupted he*) it is but neceſſary you ſhou'd be ſenſible, that you are the ſole occaſion of my making the beſt uſe of all my Travels; ſince, for your ſake alone, I return moſt paſſionately in Love with my own Country. I ſee, Sir, (*return'd* Philandra) you take the liberty of a Traveller; and I hope, I ſhall not hazard my Salvation in not believing you. If you wou'd make more uſe of your Reaſon, Madam, (*rejoyn'd he*) and leſs of your Modeſty, I am confident you wou'd be

be of my Faith: However, if you will not, I ſhall endeavour by all the moſt conſtant and Religious Reſpects of your moſt Faithful Adorers, to let you ſee, that I muſt Dye in this Truth, without a poſſibility of being convinc'd in my Perſwaſion of it. I am ſorry, Sir, (*reply'd ſhe*) that you are ſo obſtinately reſolv'd to Dye in a Hereſie, tho' it ſhou'd be really at preſent, your unhappy Opinion. A great deal more of ſuch ſtuff paſs'd between 'em; but I hope, I am not oblig'd to remember it all: At the end of which, or (unhappily) before, the Old Grey Puſs, or Governeſs of the Houſe, call'd her aſide; for ſhe watch'd her as narrowly, as a Cat does a Mouſe. At this unexpected interruption, our good Friend *Worthygrace* had like to have loſt himſelf and all Patience, and

and was about to have made ſome Outlandiſh Prayers for her; that ſound as loud as our *Engliſh* Curſes, and might have ſignifi'd as well no doubt, but he pay'd her with thinking. Yet, to ſpeak truly of him, he was not ſo revengeful as Amorous: So that, he thought it more neceſſary to apply himſelf to *Stepwell* for a ſecond interview, than to an Apothecary for *Arſenick* for the Old Cat.

He had not been a Traveller for above Ten years together, without having Learn'd what was the beſt Speech, wherefore he Addreſs'd to the *Maître de Dance*, in the moſt Elegant Dialect of an Hundred Guineas, which did his Buſineſs to ſome Tune, as far as it lay in Monſieur *Coupé*'s Talent. Let us leave 'em then, hatching their Egg for this young Cockatrice;

trice; who was now retir'd into her Chamber, where she began to search for her Letter to the Lord *Bellamant*, in order (perhaps) to Examine and Correct it.——But (Ah, unparrallell'd Misfortune!) she might as soon have found the Epistle to the *Romans* in her Bosom; which I dare say, never came nearer her Dainty, White, Smooth, Downy, (what shall I say!) Skin, than her Pocket or Glove, unless it were at her fingers ends.——She caus'd her Attendant to undo her Gown, unlace her Stays, and she her self peeping down her Shift, expos'd such Beauties to the God of Day, as had he then been as young as when he pursu'd *Daphne*, he had certainly left her for the Fairer Prize *Philandra*; nor (I fancy) wou'd she have been half so skittish.—What d'you call this now?

A

A Flight?——'Tis a fine thing to have Read!——A Flight let it be then, becauſe one ran away.—But all this Beauty and all theſe Charms, cou'd not charm back her Letter to her. No, I can't tell, whether *Gadbury*, *Partridge*, or *Coley*, cou'd have Conjur'd it from Old *Gripely*; for he was ſurely a greater Devil than any they deal with; ſuppoſing, they piſs in a Quill with Satan himſelf: And now were the Stars call'd to account for their inadverteney, in a matter ſo nearly concerning her; but whether they heard or not, I will not poſitively ſay; tho' it is my opinion, that her Siſter *Venus* ſent it to her again, by the hand of *Saturn*; yet contrary to my expectation or deſire; for juſt as he was in the heighth of Deſpair and Rage, Enters Old *Gripely*, and her

own Dear Lady Mother: Daughter (*cry'd the Old Testy Knight*) (I can't say Gentleman) look you, here's a Letter for you, 'tis worth your notice, but you must stay to Read it till you come home.—— In the mean time (*pursued he, turning to her Servant*) Maiden, pack up your young Lady's Trumpery and your own; that we may take 'em along with us in the Coach. Upon sight of the Superscription, *Philandra* soon guess'd how it dropt from her Bosome into her Father's hands. O base, Unbred, boobily Fellow, (*cry'd she to her self aside*) to betray this unfortunate Paper to more unlucky hands. Nay, rather (*Interrupted her Mother who overheard her, and spoke softly*) most unmindful and regardless Creature, so to Dispose of what might for ever Oblige or Ruine thee: But

But no more, reſtrain your Paſſion: I'le ſee to compoſe all this to your Satisfaction. Come (*cry'd Old* Gripely) we'll take a fair leave of your Miſtreſs, and you may bid farewel to your School-fellows; by that time *Mariana* will have got all things ready. Juſt at theſe words, in came the Old Beldame, with her ſhaking Head, and her Heart trembling, for the loſs of ſo good a Scholar; which ſhe learn'd from *Reins*, was to be the ungrateful Conſequence of this unſeaſonable Viſit; and while the Parents were making their Apology, for ſo unexpectedly taking home their Daughter; *Philandra* made ſhift unperceiv'd, to convey a little Cabinet Cramm'd with Epiſtles of her Lovers, to a young Lady ſometimes her Bedfellow and Confident, whom ſhe inſtructed, how

and when to diſpoſe of it; returning time enough to receive her Governeſſe's Sage Advice and Prayers; to whom ſhe return'd thanks in *Gales of Sighs*, *and Floods of Tears*; to think, ſhe muſt now loſe thoſe dear opportunities of Hearing and Relating with ſeveral of thoſe pretty young Creatures her School-fellows, how often, how near, each of 'em were *only like* to have been undone, thro' ſome malicious diſappointment of their Cruel Stars, which had more care of their Happineſs than they themſelves; beſides a thouſand other ſuch advantages, which now ſhe fear'd ſhe muſt forego.

But to be ſhort,——home they got about Nine at Night; where her Father gave her a round rally, which ſhe took ſo much to Heart, as ſhe went to Bed, and reſolv'd

not to see the Sun, as long——as——she stay'd within doors. (which Resolution she cou'd not avoid keeping, unless she got to the top of the House in a fair day; and then you'l say (perhaps) she was not within doors.) But she really kept her Bed for three or four days, and affected a deep Melancholy, which was at length attended by an ugly Distemper, call'd the *Itch of Gadding Abroad*. In the Cure of this, her Pious Lady Mother was very instrumental; for after having caus'd her to be let Blood, (which then was not very unseasonable, the Summer being very moderate) and after one Dose of Pills, with some Good, Costly, and Comfortable Cordials, she easily prevail'd with Mr. *Physmacary*, (who was both Doctor and Pothecary in Ordinary to that Blessed Family) to a-

agree with her, that it was moſt expedient her Daughter ſhou'd take a little freſh Air. This was eaſily accorded to by Old *Gripely*, for he knew that ten miles of the beſt Air, wou'd not coſt him half ſo much, as two Ounces of the worſt Cordial; and the next day was prefix'd for it.

During the Malignancy of her Diſtemper, which reign'd chiefly in her Head, (where it does in moſt People of her Youth, Humour and Circumſtances) the Lord *Bellamant* had been to pay his Devoirs to her at the Boarding School: There he heard of her ſuddain removal; which tho' at firſt, it ſtartled him, yet on ſecond thoughts he propos'd greater advantages to himſelf by it. And his laſt Deſign was to get his Twin-Siſter *Arabella*, to Accompany *Aurelia*, *Philandra*'s ſometimes

times Bedfellow and Confident, in a Visit to her; which she receiv'd the Afternoon. She was *once again, at least,* to be blest with the sight of the *Gay World*, and the Scent of the Court Air, intending for St. *James's* Park. You may imagine, she was not a little pleas'd at the sight of her Dear Confident, and of the Lady *Arabella*; which last brought the Beauties of the Lord her Brother so fresh in her Memory, that *Philandra* had like to have fallen into a fit of Sickness indeed: To think it was not that *Substantial* Figure she would have seen at her Bed-side, or rather have Embrac'd in her Bed. After the two young Ladies had condol'd with the Lady *Gripley*, who was still present, the cruel Malady of her Daughter; the indulgent Mother, knowing by her own past Circumstan-

ces, that the presence of a Parent might cause some restraint in their Freedome of Discourse, very Modestly and Kindly withdrew; *Philander*'s Attendant waiting on her to the door, she not permitting her Daughter the trouble of that Ceremony: By which means *Arabella* had the opportunity of presenting *Philandra* with a Letter, which her Brother had trusted to her discreet mannagement, to deliver to *Philandra*'s own fair hands; which, tho' at all times they were exceeding fair, yet, now, by this white,——as——(Ah! wou'd my Shirt, ay, or my Crevat, were as white!) the falling Snow, for she had us'd a peculiar Ointment, and lay in Dog-skin-Gloves, with her Arms extended over her Head all this while, unless when any Visitors came.——(I believe, I can procure

cure you a Receipt of the Oyntments to oblige you, Ladies; for I know Mr. *Physmacary* very well) But now she pull'd off one of her Gloves to receive the *Billett doux*; which yet she cou'd not Read, because of the suddain return of her Attendant: Wherefore she conceal'd it in her Bed, till a more convenient time. However she sent as proper an answer to it, as if she had perus'd it a hundred times over: Telling the Ladys, that she was advis'd to breath a little fresh Air; and, that on the Morrow her Lady *Mother* and she design'd for St. *James*'s Park; where she shou'd be happy to meet such excellent Company as their Ladyships about four in the Afternoon. The Lady *Arabella* soon took the hint; and promis'd she wou'd endeavour to divert her by the best means in her Capacity: (Which, she knew, was by bringing her Brother,) And immediately upon this, she and *Aurelia* Kiss'd her fair Cheek; and so Commending her to Heaven's Care, quitted the Room; why *Fair* Cheek now you'l say (perhaps!) Why:

let it be ſoft, Roſy, or Fair, I care not which, 'tis not a pin matter, but *one* of 'em it muſt be, in *my* Opinion.——No ſooner was *Mariana*, her Attendant, gone to wait on the Ladys down Stairs, but *Philandra* Raviſhed the Letter from between the Sheets; and, after having thrice Kiſs'd it, ſhe ſaw on the outſide theſe words, *To the Charming* Philandra: In the inſide ſhe found he expreſſed himſelf thus,

YOU *cannot* think (*Madam*) *nor I* expreſs *what dreadful Apprehenſions I had at firſt, of your haſty, and, I fear unvolantary Retreat from* Hackney; *which had like to have terminated in an utter Deſpair of ever ſeeing you more. And had not Love inſpir'd me, beyond my own Dull Capacity, to engage my ſelf to deliver my Soul with this into your Dear Hands, I had certainly left all the Pleaſures of this World, and, which is moſt valuable in it, your ſelf, for a Monaſtick Life. Which tho' it may ſuit with Religion (I fancy) will hardly ever agree with my Complexion*

Complexion. If then (Madam) you will preserve me from being Bury'd Alive; let me, I beseech you, know by her, where and when I may see and adore that Divinity which alone gives Life and Relish to all the joys of (Madam)

Yours Eternally,

BELLAMANT.

After she had again Kiss'd it thrice; she fasten'd it, by an Engine very much in use among Ladys, to the Veil of Love's Temple; In plain English, to her shift: Thinking she had now secur'd *that* from all possibility of an escape from her: And, that she had it as fast, as she held the Heart of him that sent it. Soon after she had thus plac'd the Copy of my Lord's Heart on her left side, next her own; her Lady-Mother usher'd in Sir *Blunder*, who of all *Men*, except her Father, had the priviledge to visit her in her Bed-Chamber; and whom, except her Father, she hated above all Men. (For to say truth, *Slouch* was not so Old, by near forty years) At the sight of him she

ſhe began to look as Pale as the Moon; when, juſt before, ſhe was as Ruddy and Glorious as the Sun. Madam *Philandra* (ſaid he) I come to condole the tedious Fit of Sickneſs you have had: And (truly) had it not been for troubling you; I wou'd have viſited you oftner and ſooner. 'Tis *now* too ſoon, (returned ſhe) unleſs you deſign to compleat by your *preſence*, what you had but begun by your *Curioſity*: I mean, my Death. I compleat your Death (interrupted he) I proteſs, I never thought of ſuch a thing, days of my Breath. No matter (returned ſhe, mocking him) I profeſs, there is never another Letter for you.———(How if ſhe ſhou'd miſtake now?) why, Madam *Philandra* (replyed he) I thought no more harm when I gave Sir *Beetlehead* your Letter; than an Apple's like an Oyſter. At this Simile ſhe cou'd hardly forbear laughing *aloud*: while he went on much to the ſame tune. In good truth, I delivered it to him becauſe you were not at home; that he might ſend it to you again, or to my

my Lord *Bellamant*: For, upon my Truly now, Madam *Philandra*, I am as ready to ſerve you, as an Arrow out of a Bow. And whom cou'd I better entruſt with your Secrets than your own dear Father? One wou'd *think* you were in the right on't, in truſting my own Dear Father with a jeaſting piece of Gallantry of mine that I wou'd not have had him ſee: But I muſt needs own, 'twas an excellent contrivance, and much like your own Dear Worſhipful ſelf, to carry my Letter *from* me, that it might be ſent *to* me. Say, was not this for Expeditions ſake? In good Faith (anſwered the Booby) I thought to have given it you again, aſſoon as I had read it; but forgot it.——In good Faith I did.——(Now Pox upon him, for an unhappy ſilly Dog. For he makes my Heart ake. Since juſt ſo us'd the Reverend Old Gentleman at *Weſtminſter* to ſay to me:—— In good Faith (Child) I muſt whip thee.) But with a ſcornful ſmile (ſhe return'd) in good Faith Sir, I thank you, that after you had expos'd to all

the

the Senſe you had, what I wou'd have conceal'd to you and almoſt all Mankind beſide; you wou'd have vouchſaf'd to have return'd it me, had you not forgotten it. O, Admirable piece of Civility and Breeding! So Generous an Act, ſure was never committed by any Villain that takes your Purſe, ſure! What! My Lady (ſaid he) do's Madam *Philandra* call me *Villain*!——I am afraid, ſhe is not in her right Maidenly Wits. Indeed I fear ſo too (replyed the Mother) ſhe has been delirious all along ſince ſhe kept her Bed: Theſe kind of Diſtempers make 'em all ſo. Wherefore I wou'd adviſe and entreat you to leave me alone with her: Happily, I may help her to compoſe her ſtrangling thoughts. Your Servant, my Lady: Goodnight, ſweet Madam *Philandra* (ſaid he) and made a Leg, going out. So;——Heav'n be prais'd! my worſt Diſtempers gone: (cry'd the young Lady) not Poverty with all it's worſt Attendants is half ſo bad, as to be yok'd to thee.

Can you, my Honour'd Mother, ſuffer it? *When*

When e're you see me Bedded with this Slave.
Say, He's my Monument, *the Bed my* Grave.

Here our *Sappho* let loose whole floods of Briny-Salt tears, as *Round* and *Clear* as so many Pearls: But (Pardon me, Ladyes!) not altogether so *Precious*, in *my* poor judgement. At the sight of this inundation, which were enough to set any *Young* Man's Heart a Fire, (and that's strange you'l say) the Lady-Mother dropp'd an April-shower; which was not of long Continuance: And, after they both had wept, they both smil'd: The Pious indulgent Mother assuring the *Angel-like* Daughter, (I mean, for Beauty) that she wou'd never suffer it; nor cou'd ever live to see it. *Philandra* proceeded then to make an ingenuous Confession of the Passion she had for the Lord *Bellamant*; begging her pardon, that she had hitherto kept her a stranger to it. Who told her, in *that only* she was to blame, for (said she) I like his Person and Estate

very

very well. But *above all* his Title: For, if you Marry *Him*; you'l be a better Woman than my Lady *May'ress*: And you shall take place of her any where on English Ground; unless in the City, I fear.—The *Bellamants* (continued she) are as Ancient and Great a Family as any in the four Kingdoms; when I was about your Age, I was *Intimately* acquainted with above a score of 'em: And, I remember, they were all fine Gentlemen: Some, very Proper, Handsom, Lusty Men: Others, Midlesiz'd and Brisk Men: Some again little Pretty Spritely Creatures: All of 'em, Brave Generous, Active, and High-mettl'd Men.——Ay; ay (added she) I am clearly for a *Bellamant*, and I warrant thee (my Dear) we'll carry the day: Therefore satisfie thy self, and take a hearty repose: This Kiss and a good Night to thee: A thousand good-nights to my Dear and Honour'd Mother, (said *Philandra*, as her Mother left her.) All this while that Treacherous Jade *Mariana* had overheard their Discourse; which she was to repeat

to

to *Slouch*, having been retain'd by him with five Guinea's and ſeveral Nights Lodgings; which, at long run, coſt him a heavier Summ. A little time after her Mother was gone, *Philandra* fell aſleep *Hand over Head*; never *Dreaming* that her Attendant had ſuch true Ears, and ſo falſe a Heart: But 'twas no wonder; for, Sir *Blunder* had had the managment of her for above a Month *before* he preferr'd her to *Philandra*; whom ſhe had not ſerv'd longer than four Months.

About twelve a Clock the next day the Lady *Gripely* thought it convenient her Daughter ſhou'd riſe: Allowing two hours for Dreſſing, an hour for Dining, and about as much for their journey for the Park: So, *Philandra* call'd for freſh Linnen, and up ſhe got. Her thoughts were ſo wholly intent on the Adventure ſhe was like to have that Afternoon, that ſhe quite forgot the Letter which ſhe had faſten'd to her Shift, and after Dinner took Coach without it. For, this Damn'd Maid Woman (Whore I was going

to

to ſay) taking the Shift, to lay it aſide; prick'd her Finger with the Pin that held it there: Which when ſhe had taken out, the Letter fell on the Ground before her. She immediately took it up, and gave it to *Slouch*, who came preſently after he had Din'd to Sir *Beetlehead*'s, as was his Cuſtom: And withal made him a repetition of what ſhe had overheard in Diſcourſe between the Mother and Daughter; ſoon afterwards ſhe was call'd to wait on her Lady to the Park. There were only thoſe four who went in *that* Coach; the Lady *Gripely*, *Philandra* and *Mariana*, (I warrant you think that I can't count four as I ſhou'd do) but you may be pleas'd to take notice, that *Mariana* was with Child of a *Slouch*; and more than half gone. Well; to the Park they got, juſt as the Guards were reliev'd; and, in ſome few Minutes after, Sir *Blunder* arriv'd there, in his own *Hackney Coach*; (for he was too miſerable to keep one: Tho' he was as Proud as any Beggerly upſtart-Citizen in *Chriſtendom*) when he was got through

through the Horſe-Guards, (which (no doubt) he curs'd in his Heart, becauſe they were King *James*'s, and the Lord *Dover*'s Troop too that were then upon Duty.) He took the Walk on the Left Hand by the Bird-Cage; which (as it happen'd) was the right way to meet the Ladys; who were gotten by this time about the middle of the Mall, juſt over againſt St. *James*'s Houſe, when they met the Lord *Bellamant* and the Lady his Siſter, Attended only by her Women and two Footmen. After the firſt Salutation, *Bellamant* addreſſed himſelf to the Mother. Telling he that that Part of the World did bretter ſuit with Ladys of ſo Great Beauty and Gallantry than the Dull, Preciſe, and unmannerly City, which they only made happy and valuable by their Reſidence in it, more than it's *Wealth* and *Traffick in the World.* To which the Lady *Gripely* reply'd, that it was *therefore* the moſt advantagious place for them to live in, ſince there, their want of Breeding and Humour was the leſs obſervable. I never thought,

Madam

Madam (return'd the Lord *Bellamant*) that I *cou'd* have been ſo unhappy as not to ſubſcribe to ev'ry *particular* Opinion of your Ladyſhip's, till this unlucky Moment: But, Madam (continued he, applying himſelf to *Philandra*) I am yet more unfortunately miſtaken, if you don't think this Air more agreeable to the Sweetneſs of your Complexions, than the Smoaky Climat of *that, ſtill unſatisfy'd, and unhallow'd*, tho' *pretended*, Sanctify'd Place. And I fear, Madam (added he) that your apprehenſions of ſuch a retreat from the Gay World, threw you into a Melancholly, which might have been no leſs fatal to me, and all the admiring World, than to your Ladyſhip; had not Heaven preſerv'd *the neareſt Copy of it ſelf in you*, to be ador'd by all Mankind——My Lord (ſaid *Philandra*) I did really Arm my ſelf againſt all *Modeſty*, e're I came abroad, *expecting*, indeed, to receive ſuch Volleys of your Wit and Gallantry.———She had gone on ſtill; had not *Stopwell*, approaching 'em with Mr. *Worthygrace*, and his Equipage, prevented

prevented her.——My moſt Honour'd Lady! (cry'd he out aloud) and my Divine Miſtreſs *Philandra*! How happy am I to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo well recover'd in your Health and Beauty, as to adorn this Walk with what it ſo long has wanted in your abſence?--- Madam (interrupted *Worthygrace*) Mr. *Stopwell* wrongs the Court-Ladies; ſome of which are really Great Beauties, who frequently do bleſs this Park. But, pardon me, Madam I beſeech you, if I think *you* have done 'em the greater injury; in appearing here ſo much to their diſadvantage---'Sdeath!——what Spark's this? (crys *Bellamant* to himſelf; with a jealous frown and an angry bluſh) but ſtraight recalling himſelf (ſaid he to *Worthygrace* aloud) Sir, the Lady is out o'danger of being Flatter'd; and you may go on at the ſame rate, if you pleaſe. But (interrupted *Philandra*) you may aſſure your ſelf (my Lord) it will not altogether pleaſe *me*: And I cou'd wiſh, the Gentleman would ſpare himſelf the trouble of a ſecond thought. At this they both bow'd very humbly, and

and were silent: And (then said the Lady *Gripely* taking up the Discourse) but, in the name of Wonder, (Mr. *Stopwell*) how came you to find us here? Madam (reply'd the *Coupé*-Marchant) hearing that my Divine Mistress was taken Sick upon her return to Town, I thought it my indispensible Duty to pay my Respects to her, in enquiring of her Health, if I might not have been permitted the Honour and Happiness of seeing her; and this Afternoon I had the good Fortune to learn from Sir *Bertlebert* then at home, that your Ladyship were gone towards the Park; whereupon, as I was going to call a Coach, this worthy Gentleman, my Honour'd Friend prevented me, by taking me into his own Coach; he designing for a Walk in this place. While they were thus discoursing *Worthygrace* happen'd to fix his Eye on the Lady *Arabella*; where (perhaps) he discover'd as much Beauty and Goodness as ever was confin'd to one Person. And (no doubt) he had thought so had he not been prepossess'd with

a Paſſion for *Philandra*; however, at the ſame time, he cou'd not but be ſomewhat touch'd with *Arabella*; and was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee two Perſons ſo exactly alike as the Lady *Bellamant* and *Arabella*. Mean while, on t'other ſide *Bellamant* taking *Philandra*'s hand, and walking ſome few paces from the Company; ask'd her if ſhe knew that Gentleman, ſhe anſwer'd, that this was the ſecond time ſhe had ever ſeen him; giving him an account withal of what had paſs'd between 'em at their firſt ſight, the day before ſhe came to Town. Indeed (Madam, ſaid my Lord) he makes a very Graceful Figure, and ſpeaks well;——Pray Heav'n and you, Madam, it prove not to my diſadvantage: No; no (my Lord, ſaid *Philandra*) your Lordſhip does not conquer by halves.—I fear I have ſaid too much (added ſhe with a bluſh) but make the beſt and kindeſt uſe on't you can for both our Intereſts. Ah Madam (reply'd he, in a tranſport) you have almoſt taken away from me the power to thank you for this mighty Bleſſing,

and

and to assure you, that I can have no Interest but what must Centre in yours.——But I don't like this same Dancing-Master; I fancy he helps to play the Game against me. No matter my Lord (said she) since I deal, you are safe.——But, come let us joyn Company; for the Lady your Sister is at a loss for us. Alas, my Memory! (cry'd *Bellamant*) I had forgot till now to tell you, (Madam) that she came with me hither particularly to Kiss your hands, e're she goes to a Relation of ours who is a Lady Abbess in *France*; with whom she designs to stay near a Twelvemonth; beginning her journey about three days hence: By this time they were come up with the rest of the Company, when *Philandra* told *Arabella*, that she was sorry to hear she must all on a suddain lose the happiness of her Charming Conversation, which she had as well promis'd to her self, as wish'd to enjoy all the days of her life. Madam (reply'd *Arabella*) I have had so great a desire of seeing some part of *France* these many Years;

Years; that I cou'd no longer defer giving my ſelf that ſatisfaction: Eſpecially, ſince my Lady *Abbeſs* is now ſo preſſing in her Invitation: And, unleſs your Ladyſhip will lay your abſolute Commands on me to the contrary; I muſt leave *England* within theſe few days: Ah Madam! (return'd *Philandra*) I can pretend to no ſuch influence in your Ladyſhips Actions: Beſides, if I might, with *Reaſon*, you may aſſure your ſelf, that, I wou'd rather wholly diſquiet my ſelf, than give the leaſt *leaſt interruption* to your Ladyſhips pleaſure. That were too great a Condeſcenſion in you, Madam, to me; (reply'd *Arabella*;) ſince you may be confident, that you have an Arbitrary and Diſpenſing power in every thing relating to my Brother. During this Diſcourſe between 'em, *Worthygrace* was examining the difference of their Beauties; and found much more of Modeſty and Sweetneſs in *Arabella*'s Face, than Air and Gayety, which did chiefly reſide in *Philandra*'s; who yet had a Languiſhing caſt with her Eye at ſome times;

when she design'd an Absolute Conquest; which did not a little denote her cunning: And 'twas this had vanquish'd him more than the noise of her thirty thousand pounds Portion: For he was truly Generous, and lov'd for loves sake; and, that most passionately.——But now, removing his Eyes from their belov'd object, and turning 'em on t'other side; he found the Lord *Bellamant* surveying him from Head to Foot: Which made *Worthygrace* as nicely examin him. At last, after a short encountre of their Eyes:——Well, Sir (said my Lord) what have you observ'd about me to my Advantage? I fear, nothing at all, (continu'd he) but what makes wholly for yours. So much on the contrary; (reply'd he) that I assure your Lordship, I wou'd not have you for a Rival of all Mankind: And I cou'd wish, with your Lordships Pardon, that you were not only *like* that Beautiful Lady (added he, bowing toward *Arabella*) in outward Figure alone, but ev'n in her very Sex. I must avow to you, my

Lord,

Lord, 'twou'd give me a great deal of eaſe. Methinks, Sir (ſaid *Bellamant*) you look on me *already* as one that is a Diſturber of your joys. If I do, my Lord, (return'd *Worthygrace*) you are too ſecure in your own Merits to fear any attempt from me. As they were thus entertaining one another, Sir *Blunder* paſs'd 'em on one ſide of the Mall, cloſe to the Walk that leads to St. *James*'s Houſe, obſerving them moſt narrowly; but unobſerv'd of them. It ſeems, he was near enough to take notice that *Bellamant* led *Philandra*, and whiſper'd very frequently with her: That *Stepwell* uſher'd the Lady *Gripely*; and *Worthygrace*, as yet a ſtranger to him, was fain to take up with the Fineſt Creature there: I mean, *Arabella*. What *Bellamant* and *Philandra* whiſper'd ſeem'd to *Slouch* at that diſtance, to be ſome Aſſignation, or ſome Damn'd Love-Intrigue, or other, not at all in favour of him. An hundred times did he wiſh that he had been in my Lord's Heart; or leaſt, that he had had his Ears:

he durſt not venture to go near enough for either of 'em, for fear of a Reprimand from *Bellamant*, who by this time was acquainted with the whole ſtory of his Villany: At laſt, all on a ſuddain, clapping her hand on her left ſide, *Philandra* miſs'd the Letter ſhe received from my Lord the day before. This made her ſtand as fix'd as the Statue at the end of the Canal: But in a more defenceleſs poſture. For, ſhe had already receiv'd a ſecond blow from Fortune; and there was no guarding her ſelf againſt what was paſt. By her looks on *Bellamant*, ſhe appear'd ſtrangely mortify'd at ſomething; which all the Company took notice of, upon that ſuddain motion of her's with her hand. Art not well, my Dear? (cry'd the Lady *Gripely*, running haſtily to her) yes, Madam (anſwered ſhe) pretty well now; I humbly thank your Ladiſhip. 'Twas only a ſtitch that took me on the ſuddain; and as quickly has left me. Ha! (thought *Slouch*, all this while watching ev'ry particular motion of the whole Company; eſpecially

cially *Bellamant's*, and *Philandra's*) I can tell your Diſtemper better than Mr. *Phyſmacary* himſelf: For I have the occaſion of it here in my Pocket, which I will ſo improve, that you ſhall either marry me, or dye of the Pip, and ſo lead Apes in Hell. I'm now going to your Father, and conſequently every ſtep I make is towards her Bad. Saying ſo, he left the *Park*, and them to follow him, which they did in leſs than an hour after, fearing the Air might be too ſharp for *Philandra's* longer ſtay there the firſt time; every one expreſſing their real grief for the apprehenſion they had of the return of her Diſtemper. At the end of the *Mall* they were oblig'd to part; *Philandra* and her Mother for the City, the Lady *Arabella* with her Attendant and one Footman return'd to their Lodgings in *Soho-Square*; for my Lord would needs take a Bottle with *Worthygrace* at the *Blue-Poſts* in the *Hay-Market*, where they did very pleaſantly with *Stepwell*, drinking to *Philandra's* Health, and diſcourſing of their Travels; in which, *Worthygrace*

had much the advantage, having stay-ed some time in most of the Princes Courts in *Europe*. *Bellamant* having only made the Tour of *France*, and some short stay at *Rome*, and *Venice*. After which, he spent somewhat more than a Twelvemonth in the Court of *France*, and the Campaign. Having drank and talk'd their heads pretty empty of further thought, and eaten their bellies full, they took a very obliging farewell of each other, both extreamly satisfied with one anothers merit, but not a little dissatisfied that they found they were Rivals; however, they Convers'd, and parted like Persons of Honour, expecting from *Philandra* the fatal determination of their happiness, or misery.

In the mean time, as they were making homewards, *Philandra*, looking very earnestly on *Mariana*, ask'd her if she had not met with a Letter among the Linnen which she had put off that day? To which she reply'd, That indeed she took up a Paper that lay on the ground, and because she could not read it, she gave it to Sir *Blunder*,

Blunder, who told her that 'twas only a new Song which her Ladyship had transcrib'd; and that therefore she took no farther notice of it, but left it with him. *O thou Screech-Owl*, (cry'd Philandra, *all in a flame*) *what do I hear? Oh! thou hast betray'd me to the* greatest *of misfortunes, exposing me to the base practices of that Eternal Booby* Slouch. *O most unfortunate accident* (cry'd the Mother) *another Letter fals into his hands!* *Madam*, (said *Mariana*, about to justifie her self.) *Be dumb, be dumb for ever here on Earth*, (interrupted *Philandra*) *or if thou needs must yell, howl out inevitable Damnation to Despairing Souls! Oh! It were Charity to what th'hast done! what! Sacrific'd a second time to that Slave's Interest? 'Twere mercileſs I'm ſure, in* Humanity, *to all thus, but* Heaven *I hope has kinder ends in it. Alb! Madam*, (purſu'd ſhe) *how ſhall we meet my jealous Father, who is byaſs'd in every thing by that hated Fiend. No doubt* (returned the Mother) *the Greeting will be very extraordinary: Fools that we were* (purſued ſhe) *not to perceive 'till*

now, that this ſly Minks is a mere tool of his! his Creature, foiſted upon us, to ſerve his hated ends. All this while the plaguy Gypſy ſate ſobbing and blubbering, and ſtaining with her Crocodile tears her Handkerchief, which before was as white as innocence: At laſt, with much difficulty ſhe ſputter'd out, *Madam, if your Ladyſhip thinks that I have deſignedly injur'd you in this, I humbly beg your Ladyſhip to diſmiſs me your Service, for I had rather be robb'd of that Happineſs and Honour, than live under your Ladyſhip's Diſpleaſure, and Suſpicion. Ah! wou'd to Heaven* (cry'd Philandra) *you had propos'd this ſome weeks ago, it might perhaps for ever have eſtabliſh'd my Peace and Quiet, which now I fear is utterly ruin'd. However* (continu'd ſhe) *your Requeſt, tho' much with the lateſt, is very grateful to me, and you may be confident you ſhall not be long without your wiſh, if my honour'd Mother has no further Commands for you. Little did ſhe think that this diſmiſſion would be as welcome to* Mariana, *as it was obliging to her: But I can aſſure you, it had been of*

equal

equal advantage to all three, had it not been for a slippery Trick that Fortune play'd this unlucky Damsel.——No, no, (return'd the Lady *Gripely*) *my last Command to her is, that she continue in the Resolution of leaving us, and that by to morrow this time.* At these words they found themselves just at their own door, which the Mother and Daughter enter'd, but with aking hearts, fore-boding but a sorrowful reception, which was reserv'd (it seems by the two ill-natur'd Block-heads agreement) to a more convenient time. For *Slouch* immediately upon his leaving the *Park*, came and found *Gripely* at home, and took him to the Coffee-House, where he recounted to him all the Discourse between the Mother and Daughter, as he had learn'd it from *Mariana*; shewing *Bellamant*'s Letter to *Philandra*; and withall, gave him an account of the Honourable Company he had seen with them in the *Mall*. He chose rather to take him to a Coffee-House, there to distract him with this Relation, than his own House, fearing the

Ladies might return, and surprize him as he was doing 'em that signal piece of Knight's Service. The Ladies had just time to quit themselves of that part of their Dress which was unnecessary in the House, when Old *Gripely* and *Slouch* came to 'em; the last of which (as it was contriv'd between 'em, over a Cup of the Devil's Communion-Wine) after having paid his Respects to the Ladies, came up closer to *Philandra*, and taking the Letter out of his Pocket, convey'd it into her hand, as it were unperceiv'd of the Old Gentleman; who began to welcome home his Lady Wife with all the Sugar-plum-words he us'd to feed her with at his first Courtship. This was surprizing, and kind; and, I am apt to believe, it was one of their last Honey-Nights: but for a fortnight after *Philandra* was under a severer restraint than ever; During all which time, she could not receive one *Billet-Doux* from either my Lord, or *Worthygrace*, tho' they both had endeavour'd to supply her a hundred times, and a hundred ways, with those Paper-

Paper-Reflections; especially the Lord *Bellamant*: Who meeting *Stepwell* one Day about Noon, desir'd him to take one Bottle with him at the *Rose* in *Covent-Garden*: So to *Long*'s they came, where, after a Glass or two, *Bellamant* enquir'd of *Worthygrace*'s health, and drank to the continuance of it. Then he proceeded to ask *Stepwell* when he had been at Mr. *Beetlehead*'s, and how Matters went with *Philandra*, since they last saw her in the *Park*? Of which *Stepwell* could give him no further account, than that he understood she was now more strictly confin'd than ever. My Lord then taking him by the hand, presented him with Fifty Guineas, and told him withall, that he must thence forward beg his Friendship; at the same time assuring him of his, and that he wou'd use his interest at Court, or any where else, to serve him at any time. To which he very obediently reply'd, *That his Life, and all his Circumstances, both Present, and Future, were, and shou'd be always at his Lordship's Devotion, except his Reputation, which*

he

he was confident my Lord wou'd never engage him to hazzard. Mr. Stepwell (said the Lord *Bellamant*) *had I thought that you had not had a true value for that, I shou'd not have ask'd your Friendship; and to shew you that the favour I wou'd entreat of you is Just, and Honourable; I only desire you to endeavour to deliver this Letter to the hands of the Charming* Philandra. *My Lord* (return'd he) *that I will endeavour it, I do engage my Reputation to your Lordship, and that within those two hours, for I am just going to Sir* Beetleheads, *to propose a Business that will be of no little advantage to him; but, that I shall succeed to your Lordships, and my own Wishes, I dare not promise. Your Endeavours are all I ask, Sir,* (reply'd *Bellamant*) *only this further I could wish, That you would let me know by to morrow this time what success you have had. Your Lordship shall find me most punctually and sacredly Obedient in what you have Commanded me,* (said Stepwell.) *I cannot doubt it, Sir,* (return'd my Lord) *tho' I am sensible that Honourable Friend of yours, has justly a greater interest in*

you

you than my ſelf: However, at the ſame time, I am aſſur'd you will oblige me in this, if he has not already engaged you to the contrary. Be confident, my Lord, he has not (reply'd t'other) *only I beſeech your Lordſhip to let me* know, *if* I may *entruſt this Paper to any Perſon, who I am certain* may *and* will *preſent it to my Divine Miſtreſs her ſelf? By all means, uſe your own diſcretion in that* (anſwer'd my Lord) *for I wholly rely on your mannagement in this matter.* Thus, after having again conſecrated their Glaſſes with the Fair and Divine Lady's Health, and *Stepwell* being well ſatisfied with the Fifty Guineas, as *Bellamant* was of his Integrity in this Affair; they parted; my Lord to the Court, and *Stepwell to the Den of a Thief*— I don't mean to Ch— tho', for all that; for he had had no buſineſs that way of a long ſeaſon; but to *Gripeley*'s he went, whither he got juſt at Dinner-time. There he deſir'd the Coachman-Butler-Porter to preſent his moſt obedient ſervice to Sir *Beetlehead*; and withall, to let his Worſhip know,

that

hat he had ſome Buſineſs of great moment to diſcourſe him about, wherefore he humbly beg'd the honour of ſome few minutes Converſation with him at his earlieſt leiſure. *Reins* deliver'd his Complement in the hearing of *Philandra*, who from thence began to conceive ſome hopes of an Amorous Intrigue with *Worthygrace* at leaſt, or with ſome body or other by his means. The Old Jealous Knight had like to have forgot himſelf at firſt, and ſaid, deſire him to walk in; 'till looking on his Daughter, he cry'd out aloud in haſte, Sirrah, deſire him to walk into the outward Parlour, I will but diſpatch a bit or two, and then I'll come to him. *Stopwell* had not expected above a quarter of an hour, but *Gripely* came, and deſir'd him to ſpeak to the Buſineſs. *Stopwell* then told him, that an honour'd Friend of his, who had near Six Thouſand Pounds a year, was in a preſent neceſſity of Four Thouſand Pounds; which, if he pleas'd to furniſh him with, the Gentleman his Friend wou'd Mortgage an Eſtate to *Gripely*, which he

he had in *Glouceſter-ſhire*, of Five Hundred Pounds a year, for his Security. Well, Mr. *Stepwell (cry'd the Old hungry Wolf)* what is his Name? His Name I beſeech you, and where lies the reſt of his Eſtate? To which, *(t'other reply'd)* his Name, Sir, is *Worthygrace*, of the Ancient Family of the *Worthygraces*, Originally of *Yorkſhire*; tho' the Family has ſpread it ſelf into moſt of the Counties of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*; ſome of the other parts of his Eſtate lay in ſuch, and ſuch, and ſuch Shires and Counties; giving him a more particular account than at preſent I am able to make you. Beſides, Sir, *(added he)* I beſeech your Worſhip to take notice, that he is no Swearer, Whore Maſter, Drunkard, nor Gameſter. Piſh, piſh, *(ſaid the other)* 'tis not a pin matter to you, or me, whether he be or no; yet (perhaps) I cou'd wiſh he were all theſe: But ſince you ſay he is ſo fine a Gentleman, I pray you good Mr. *Stepwell* how comes he to have ſuch an urgent occaſion for this Sum, or be obliged to

his Mortgage? Why, Sir, (*reply'd Stepwell*) he is unwilling to expose his necessity to any of his Acquaintance, because (possibly) he designs to marry one of their Daughters, wherefore he entreated me to assist him in this matter, since I have no knowledge of any of his Relations, or Country Acquaintance, more than your Worship has. Ay, but Mr. *Stepwell* (*interrupted Gripely*) you must give me leave Mr. *Stepwell*, you must give me leave to be better acquainted with him, and his Concerns, before I part with such a Sum of mony to him; for it is my custom so to do, it is indeed, Mr. *Stepwell*——— Tho' I suppose (*proceeded he*) this mony is to carry on his Design on the Lady. It is so, Sir, (*answer'd the other*) and he desires by all means, that you wou'd give your self the satisfaction of enquiring into the Circumstances of his Estate, but at a distance, and with all possible caution, lest his Reputation shou'd any way suffer. You may have a sufficient Character of him, and certain Information of the posture of his Affairs

fairs in *York-ſhire*, *Glouceſter-ſhire*, and *Hertford ſhire*, from any of the Worthy Gentlemen of thoſe Counties. No, Mr. *Stepwell (ſaid he)* I ſhall not need I believe to give my ſelf any great trouble in this matter, if this be the Rich *Worthygrace* of *York-ſhire*. The very ſame, Sir, (*ſaid Stepwell.*) That's enough (*Reply'd Gripeley*) but tell me, Mr. *Stepwell*, is he already engag'd to this Lady? Is ſhe a *Beauty*? Is ſhe a *Wit*? Or, what is chiefly to be conſider'd, is ſhe a Fortune? Sir, ſhe's worth ſome 15 or 16000 *l.* (*Reply'd he.*) That's but a ſmall Portion for ſo great an Eſtate as this (*return'd Gripely*) and, if he be not already *too far Engag'd*, I believe I can recommend him to a young handſome Laſs, worth at leaſt Thirty Thouſand Pounds. On my word, Sir, (*ſaid Stepwell*) that wou'd be an extraordinary favour indeed, and I fancy he has not made his approach ſo cloſe to her, but he can make an honourable retreat when he pleaſes. When may I ſee him then? (*aſk'd the Old Knight.*) To morrow morning, if you pleaſe (*reply'd t'other*)

in

in the mean time, I will prepare him to receive your kindneſs with the greater readineſs, for (poſſibly) he will do ſomething this Night, in order to his diſengagement from the Lady he is now in purſuit of. Do ſo (*ſaid Old* Gripely) and let me ſee you both here to morrow at Eleven preciſely. I ſhall, Sir, (*Return'd* Stepwell) and took his leave.

When he left Old Dry-bones, he went immediately to *Worthygrace*, whom he found at his Lodgings in *Bloomsbury-Square*, where he repeated every particular of his Diſcourſe with *Gripely*, to his honour'd Friend. Telling him withall, that it cou'd be no body elſe but *Philandra*, whom her Father intended to propoſe for a Wife to *Worthygrace*; who was enclineable enough to believe it; and Rewarded the Care and Cunning he had ſhewn in the management of his Intereſt, with a Diamond Ring from off his finger, worth 40*l.* which t'other receiv'd with as good a grace as any Coupé-Merchant in Town cou'd do. Sir, (*ſaid he*) your Preſent is of much greater

greater value than the Gold or Stone cou'd make it, forc'd from embracing your finger to adorn mine; which ſhall be no longer part of my hand, than it is able to ſerve you. Then *Stepwell* preſented him with the Lord *Bellamant's* Letter to *Philandra*; acquainting him with the promiſe he had made my Lord, to deliver it to her own hands, or to ſome other Perſon who ſhould aſſuredly do it; nor did he conceal the 50 Guineas he received from *Bellamant*. *Worthygrace* was a little ſurpriz'd at that Letter, and at *Stepwell's* Relation of their Rencounter; and, tho' he had *almoſt* a *Woman's Curioſity* to ſee what it contain'd, yet he had too much honour to gratify that fooliſh itch of his humour; and taking the Letter from *Stepwell*, You ſhall be as good as your word to my Lord, *(ſaid he)* for I will preſent it to her my ſelf, tho' never ſo much to my diſadvantage. I mean, if I have the happineſs to ſee her to morrow. 'You will not, I hope (*cry'd Maitre de Dance*) be ſo far far acceſſary to your own ruine there, as to attempt

attempt it. Pardon me, my Friend, (reply'd *Worthygrace*) but I will. I beſeech you then (ſaid *Stepwell*) read it firſt, Sir. Not for the purchaſe of my happineſs in *her* (*return'd this Honourable Lover*) I cou'd then never hope it, becauſe I'm ſure I ſhou'd not *deſerve* it. No, (*continu'd he*) inviolate as it is, and teeming with all the moſt Beautiful and Charming Ideas, and Expreſſions of his paſſion that it may be; ſhe ſhall receive it from my hand the very firſt opportunity I have to offer it to her. Saying ſo, he wrap'd it up in a clean ſheet of Paper, and put it into his Scritore. At which (*cry'd* Stepwell) Forgive me, Sir, I beſeech you, if I think this the oddeſt method of making Love for a Mans own ſelf, that I ever yet have heard of. Call it *Knight-Errantry* if thou wilt (*return'd* Worthygrace) but I have my ſatisfaction in it.——Enough of this——To morrow by Ten in the morning, I expect you here. I ſhall then pay my duty to you, Sir, (ſaid *Stepwell*) and left him to give orders for the morrows Expedition; which

which he took care ſhould be as ſplendid as that little time would permit.

At Ten the next morning *Stepwell* waited on him at his Lodgings, and ſoon after they made for Sir *Beetle-head*'s; who, the preceeding Night told his Daughter, that now he hop'd he had provided her a Husband whom ſhe could no way except againſt: For *(ſaid he)* I have enquir'd of him of ſeveral Worthy Gentlemen, and Eminent Citizens, who all give me a moſt extraordinary Character of his Perſon, and Humour; and which is *above all*, of his Eſtate, being worth near Six Thouſand pounds *per Annum*. And now (my dear Girl) I prithee do not ſtand in thine own light: No force, *(Good Sir ſaid ſhe)* and I will ſtretch my Inclinations as far as may be, to embrace one of your choice, that I may reccommend my duty to you. Then he order'd her to appear as Gay and Glorious as ſhe cou'd, to receive him the next morning. Near a quarter before Eleven, *Worthygrace* got to Old *Gripely*'s, who entertain'd him very Cour-

Courteously, and Generously; calling for a *whole* Bottle of Canary, which he himself lov'd best, to drink to him. After which, the Devil's Casheer, old *Gripely* (who only got and dispos'd of his mony in the Devil's name, and for his use) fell upon the Business, and propos'd his Daughter to *Worthy-grace*, with Thirty Thousand Pounds. Who told him, that the Overture was so much above his Merits and Expectation, that he fear'd he did but motion such great advantages on purpose to evade doing him that smaller obligation which he had entreated of him by Mr. *Stepwell*. Nor can I have reason, Sir, (*said he*) to think otherwise, since I am yet absolutely a stranger to you. I confess, Sir, (*return'd Gripely*) you was a *Stranger* to me 'till now; but your Circumstances, I am, and have been before so well satisfied with, that I shall think both my self, and Daughter most happy, if you will accept her for your Wife. But it is not fair to oblige you to a promise of that, before you have seen her; wherefore you shall each of you have

the

the ſatisfaction at the ſame time. We'll wait on you preſently (*added he*) and went to fetch her. Now, Sir, (ſaid *Stepwell*) will you take my word another time? Did not I ſay 'twas his Daughter, my Divine Miſtreſs *Philandra*, whom he wou'd propoſe to you? Ay, *Philandra*'s the Charm; (cry'd *Worthygrace*) his Daughter, and Thirty Thouſands Pounds were otherwiſe but dull muſick, but indifferent ſounds to me: *Philandra*! That *Philandra* whom I firſt ſaw at the Boarding-School, whom I love!——No matter whoſe Daughter, or what Fortune ſhe is, ſo ſhe may be my Wife. 'Tis the very ſame, Sir, I dare aſſure you (ſaid *Compe*) Then for my Lord's Letter (ſaid *Worthygrace*) O! I have it with me, I find. After ſome little further Diſcourſe, *Gripely* led in the ſelf ſame *Philandra* to 'em, accompany'd with her Mother. Here, Sir, (ſaid *Gripely*) Look you, this is my Daughter, as my Lady-Wife tells me, (and that was well put in) tell me how you like her, (pray?) Hah! you ſtand as if you were frighted at the

ſight

ſight of her. I am amaz'd, Sir, (cry'd *Worthygrace*) at ſo much Beauty; and I beg the Lady will pardon the aſtoniſhment, of which ſhe is the Cauſe. I proteſt that was ſpoken like your ſelf, Mr. *Worthygrace* (*ſaid the Old Fool*) like a fine Gentleman, and a Courtier: Nay, nay, I love to hear theſe Complements in an honeſt way——Perhaps 'tis not the Court faſhion to kiſs, or (it may be) you are aſham'd to do it before my face, therefore I'll be gone, and leave my Lady-Wife, and Daughter *with* you. No (Sir, reply'd *Worthygrace*) I dare do it in the face of *Majeſty*, of Heaven it ſelf, ſince my thoughts are Juſt and Honourable. And I am ſorry, Sir, I gave you the occaſion of inſtructing my duty. Saving ſo, he Saluted both the Lady-Mother, and Daughter. 'Ulds precious (*cry'd the Old Daddy*) this puts me in mind of my wooing my Lady-Wife there; which I cannot remember without tears of joy: (And then (I think) he ſqueez'd as much moiſture out of his eyes, as might have made the tittle o're an i, had

had it been Ink. But *(continued he)* I'll leave you together, and shall expect to find you and Mr. *Stepwell* at dinner with me here to day. I have a little business——a little business, your Servant, Sir——Daughter *(pursu'd he)* this is the man for my money. With that (clapping *Worthygrace* on the shoulder, and going out) he eas'd 'em of a great deal of impertinence. I hope, Sir *(said the Lady-Mother)* you'll pardon the infirmities of Old Age. And the defects of an Old Citizen's Education *(added Philandra)*. It looks hearty and kind, Madam *(return'd Worthygrace)* and I cou'd wish, Madam, you wou'd receive me with as true a wellcome. Assure your self, Sir, *(reply'd Philandra)* a Person of your merits can't want a due reception. We plead no merits from Heaven *(return'd he)* but *(Madam)* if self-denyal, and other the greatest mortifications be any way grateful, I am in hopes that this Present from me may give you a testimony of some of my weak Endeavours that way. And then he gave her the Lord *Bellamant*'s Letter. At last,

(added he) I perſwade my ſelf I ſhall not fail of a welcome for his ſake that ſent it. She immediately knew the hand, and bluſh'd to receive it from *Worthygrace*. But recollecting her ſelf, *(ſaid ſhe)* this I gueſs is ſome new piece of Gallantry from the Lord *Bellamant*; which, howſoever, ſhall not rob me of the honour and ſatisfaction of your Converſation, Gentlemen. Nay, Madam (ſaid *Stopwell*, who all this while had been entertaining the Lady *Gripely*) we are but two to two, and, for my part, I decline any ſort of diſpute with your Ladyſhip. I beſeech you, Madam (ſaid *Worthygrace*) rob not your ſelf of the pleaſure that Paper may afford you, for my ſake. For aſſure your ſelf, I had rather ſuffer all the anguiſh of deſpair and jealouſie, than you ſhou'd want the leaſt ſatisfaction. Pardon me, Sir *(return'd ſhe)* this will ſerve to entertain me, when I want the advantge of better Company. Then, Madam *(reply'd he)* you muſt arm your ſelf to receive a diſcourſe of much the ſame nature, I fancy, with what that happy paper contains;

tains; which will (undoubtedly) be more troubleſome to you, coming from me——I Love you, Madam (*purſu'd be*) with ſuch a paſſionate ſincerity, that I fear I cou'd *almoſt* part with you to my Rival; if it might advance your happineſs——ſay, Madam, have you *decree'd* that I ſhall eternally be miſerable in your indifference; and have you *determin'd* that I muſt quit my pretenſions to my happy Rival? Blaſt, Madam, blaſt all my hopes with one cruel and irrevocable word, and let me dye by your Thunder. If, Sir, on me depends your happineſs, or miſery, be confident I wiſh you the *Firſt*: And in a greater meaſure, than I can poſſibly create it to you. This indeed, Madam (ſaid *Worthygrace*) is an obliging manner of *Condemning* me to the *laſt*, ſince you exclude me Paradiſe, and leave me all the *lower* World to range in——But be aſſur'd, Madam, *That* if all the Beauties of the Univerſe were divinely put together into *One*, by their Great Creator; *That ſtupendious One* cou'd not bleſs me, were it not, as it is, *your own Beauteous ſelf*; who

will not receive me into those joys you have entirely reserv'd to the Lord *Bellamant*. Certainly, Sir, (*said she*) this Tempest cannot be of long continuance. This is such a *volley of* Love as I *never* before received. Ah! Madam, (cry'd he) you *rally* and *play* with my earnest passion —— Forgive me, if I say this is a little inhumane —— But 'tis the effect of your Divinity that sports it self with my misfortunes. Doubtless (return'd *Philandra*) such another storm o' t'other side from my Lord, wou'd give me such another surfeit, that I shou'd swoon at the very *name* of *Love* ever after. Thus she evaded giving him any direct answer, either to make him hope, or despair; for she thought 'twas convenient to keep him in play, lest she shou'd miss of *Bellamant*. Their Conference lasted for near two hours, at the end of which, Old *Gripely* return'd. — Well, my new, but worthy acquaintance (said he to *Worthygrace*) what progress have you made in your Amours with my Daughter? Why, Sir, answer'd *Philandra*, (by way of question)

D'you

D'you think the Gentleman is us'd to boast of a Lady's favours? Ah! Madam (cry'd *Worthygrace*) you have taken care that I shall have no such occasion from you——But I can suffer. 'Uds precious, Noble Mr. *Worthygrace*, (cry'd Old *Gripely*,) suffer me no suffers, I'll ha' no suffering here, unless it be, that I suffer you to make much of my Daughter, and that she do the same by you——Come (*continued he*) Dinner wait's us in t'other room, and there we'll make much of our selves. 'Twas about two of the clock when they sate down, and the last Course was serv'd in about Four, (for they had a Miser's Feast) they all eat heartily, and were as pleasant as their several Circumstances would permit 'em.

In the mean time the Lord *Bellamant* having expected *Stopwell* 'till Three, who (you know) was otherwise engag'd, grew impatient, and on a suddain thought of a design not much unlike *Worthygraces*; commanded his Coach man to drive him to *Gripely*'s; where, just as he got out of his Coach,

he found Sir *Blunder* enquiring for the aforesaid Worshipful *Cent. per Cent.* The Boobily Knight was strangely surpriz'd to see my Lord at that place, and cou'd hardly Salute him, but with a malicious leer, and awkward bow. But my Lord knew how to make his advantage of such an opportunity; and said to him (*returning the Compliment of Hat and Cringe,*) that he was happy to see him there, as well as to hear that Sir *Beetlehead* was at home: to whom, he desir'd Sir *Blunder* to lead him the way. The Lubberly Booby had yet so much of pretended Good-manners, as to tell him he knew his duty better than so, and that it would be an honour to follow his Lordship. No (*reply'd my Lord*) *Sans Façon* good Sir *Blunder*, you are better acquainted here than I am, therefore pray take upon you for once the trouble of my Guide, and Leader. So in they went directly to the latter end of a Feast, which (perhaps) was the beginning of a Fray. But had not my Lord arriv'd just at that moment, when the Servant told Sir *Blunder* that *Gripely* was within,

in, he had certainly return'd undefify'd as he came, as to the knowledge of his Miſtreſſes Concerns—— 'Ulds precious (cry'd Sir *Beetlehead*) Sir *Blunder*, we have wanted you all this while to compleat our mirth, but you are now very wellcome———Ha, what fine Gentleman have you brought to my poor habitation? (*purſu'd he, ſeeing my Lord*) An humble Servant of yours, and of thoſe fair Ladies (reply'd *Bellamant*) Mr. *Worthygrace* (*added he*) we are happy to meet here. Ay, my Lord (return'd *Worthygrace*) we are ſo, in the ſight of theſe fair Ladies. 'Ulds precious, my Lord, (cry'd Old *Gripely*) your Lordſhip is wellcome, if you don't bring a Pope in your Belly. No, Sir *Beetlehead* (reply'd *Bellamant*) but I brought an Angel in my heart, I mean your Daughter, Sir, who fills it with all the Ideas of Beauty that Humanity is capable of conceiving, and much more than it can expreſs. 'Ulds precious, cry'd the Old man, (a little mellow) you are a fine Gentleman, my Lord, a fine Gentleman indeed; therefore

pray ſit down, or you'll tire me with ſtanding. I do ſo, Sir (ſaid my Lord ſitting) To make you eaſie, and to make my ſelf happy, I'll place me juſt oppoſite, and moſt remote to what I moſt love in this World, and to what you hate I ſhou'd make any nearer approaches to. Come, Sir *Blunder* (*continu'd he*) tho' you have been bleſt in the enjoyment of the pretty *Marianna*; yet you are almoſt in the Circumſtances with me, as to the Beauteous *Philandra*. This he ſaid, putting *Slouch* into the next chair to him. My Lord (ſaid *Philandra*, who thought it no more ſin to grieve the Spirit of the zealous Sir *Blunder*, than he did to lye with the Maid *Marianna*,) I fear your Lordſhip forgets that his Worſhip has been already ſo happy in his firſt Love, that he need not doubt his ſucceſs againſt another, eſpecially, when Aided, Abetted, Comforted and Aſſiſted by a Father's Good, Pious, and kind Inſtructions and Intentions; which yet he could not have wanted, but for your Lordſhip's and this Honourable Gentleman's Addreſs,

and

and more plentiful Estates. But he may thank his Stars that there is one obstacle remov'd, for it seems your Lordship is a Roman Catholick. And for my part, Sir *Blunder* (interrupted *Worthygrace*) I am so far from having receiv'd any particular favour from this our ador'd Lady, that I must utterly despair, unless her unparallel'd and matchless Duty prevail against her inclinations, and his Lordship's Merits. Sir, (reply'd *Bellamant*) you have always the good *Fortune* and *Intention* (it seems) to make me Debtor to your kind Opinion of me — wou'd to Heavens your *Wishes* were as much to my advantage. But, Sir *Blunder* (*pursu'd he, changing the Discourse*) How does the poor Titt? Has she yet taken her Degree in *Bethlehem*, or *Bridewell*? It must be in the first; for certainly none but a mad thing wou'd ha' laid a miscarriage upon an Alderman's Fellow: It looks as if you had not been wicked, or able enough to get a Bastard; when (no doubt) your *Prentice* might ha' done you that piece of service, had you been Marry'd. But

ſince your Worſhip is a Batchelor, I ſuppoſe ſhe has been *Flaug'd* (as they call it) for putting the Saddle on the wrong Horſe's back——Ay, my Lord (return'd *Slouch*) the Wench did afterwards confeſs it was my Apprentice; for which (as your Lordſhip ſays) ſhe was *Flaug'd* in good faith. At which, they all laugh'd aloud: And (ſaid the Lady *Gripely*) this is as happy and full a diſcovery as any Criminal cou'd make of himſelf. You're in the right, my Lady-Wife, (reply'd Old *Gripely*) 'twas a ſilly Wench, a ſilly Wench——But no more of that, if you pleaſe. No, (ſaid *Bellamant*) I muſt remind my ſelf of my Friend's buſineſs, about which I now come to ſollicit you. There is a Friend of mine (*continu'd he*) that wants five thouſand Guineas, now I can't ſpare him above two thouſand; wherefore, if you will oblige him, Sir, with that Sum, I will *Engage*, or *Mortgage* ſome port of my Eſtate for his payment of it Why, look you my Lord (cry'd *Gripely*) this *Engaging* muſt be *Mortgaging*, and I don't like any

any of your Church-Lands. Hark you Sir *Beetlehead* (cry'd *Bellamant*) I fancy that among all your Mortgages, you have one or more of our Church-Lands; that is, of Papists Church-Lands, as you stile 'em; and yet I find there is no great danger of their infecting you with Popery. But I mean some of those Lands that my Lawful Father and Mother left to me (for perhaps she was an Heiress) those will I dip unto thee. This requires farther thought, my Lord (said he) and you shall have your answer to morrow this time. Nay, (reply'd *Bellamant*) if my my business, or my Friend's be not done by Six in the Morning, we shall have no further occasion of yours, or any other assistance. Six a Clock is early (return'd the Old one) but I'll see what may be done, my Lord, after I have discours'd this Honourable Gentleman: So, my Lord, I beg your Pardon (*continu'd he*) taking *Worthygrace* out o'th' Room with him, to contrive the hastening his Match with *Philandra*. 'Twas then *Bellamant* began to shew the violence

of

of his Love in his Jealousie. Ah, Madam, said he, approaching her, while the *Coupé-Merchant*, and the Booby Knight diverted the Lady-Mother; 'tis now high time for me to despair, since here I found my happy Rival; seated next to you, and feasting on your Eyes; happy he is in every Circumstance, in his Person, in his Sence, in his Estate, and, no doubt, happy in your Love. By your Father's approbation encourag'd, receiv'd by you with a just opinion of his extraordinary Qualifications; how long, *Heaven* knows, I'm sure I know not— This he spoke somewhat low however, that they might not hear him; which they perceiving, were so civil as to entertain each other with their own impertinence. Nay, my Lord, said *Philandra* rising, I find you are hot, we must walk. I thank you, Madam, *return'd he*, that you seem at least to take as much care of me, as my Grooms do of my Beasts; tho' they never ran such hot Courses, as I do in pursuit of you. You flye me, Madam, now, *continued he*, you have shunn'd me these

these fourteen or fifteen unaccountable days; for so they have been to me; since in all that time I have not once been blest with the sight of you, 'till this hour. O Heavens! Madam, *pursu'd he raving*, where are all your vows? where are all your tender expressions of Love to me? Some indeed I wear about me, under your Hand and Seal; and all of 'em where you have fix'd 'em in my heart. Whence not you your self can remove 'em, unless you bid me despair, and dye—— This is all wondrous fine, indeed my Lord, reply'd she, and since I find you love me, even to Jealousie, I'm resolv'd to give your Lordship farther occasions of that passion——— And look you, my Lord, she continu'd, I suppose I wear about me some of your Lordships tender expressions of Love in this Paper; which I receiv'd from your happy Rival, as you think him: This he deliver'd to me, un-open'd I dare believe——— Unopen'd as it is! interrupted he; now, by all my hopes on Earth, which terminate in you, Madam; my Love is not more sacredly

inviolate,

inviolate, than is this Paper; I know the Seal, and find 'tis not abus'd—— Oh! this is more dreadful to me, than his pretenſions to you, Madam. And did he give it thus, without a ſcoff? Juſt as you ſee it, my Lord, and with reſpect (anſwer'd *Philandra*) Ah, wou'd h'had ſoften'd the hard faithful wax, and raviſh'd wide the innocent Contents! I then might juſtly have return'd the wrong, and from his breaſt have torn a *Villain*'s heart, teeming with Sacriledge againſt you——But now, now it appears ſo Glorioufly adorn'd, with your Bright Form in ev'ry corner of it, that I muſt fear to touch it. Oh, that Love ſhou'd rob me of ſo generous a Friend—I mean, whom I cou'd wiſh mine—— Make him ſo, return'd ſhe, I ſhall not hinder ſuch a happy union. Nothing but you on Earth cou'd do it, Madam, reply'd *Bellamant*. Aſſure your ſelf I will not, ſaid ſhe——Here, my Lord, take your Letter, I beſeech you, and own the obligation he deſign'd you—— 'twill be a good beginning of your Friendſhip——Now did this fair

Devil

Devil desire nothing less.——— No, Madam (*replied he*) I will not rob you of what *He* presented to you: Besides, if ever you had any regard of my Passion; I cou'd wish, you wou'd keep it: For, I fear, it is the last you will ever be troubled with from me. *Troubled I wou'd have you*, Madam, when you read it; to think how faithful and how Passionate a Lover you have thrown away. It seems my Lord (*Return'd* Philandra) you are at length grown *weary* of feigning a Passion; and wou'd now perswade me, that I am displeas'd with your pretended services: But, assure your self, my Lord, Be it real or counterfeit; it has already given me a very pretty entertainment. You will e're long I doubt not, Madam, be judge of its truth or falshood.—— In the mean time, Madam; enjoy your self, with the *Thoughts* of your new Lover! perhaps they will prove your only satisfaction. *Philandra* did not know what to make of this last part of his discourse; and was about to beg his Lordship to explain himself,

ſelf, juſt as her Father re-entred with *Worthygrace*. The chatt then was continu'd among 'em, for upwards of an hour; the Rivals plying their Miſtreſs very warmly; who return'd their Volleys with equal heat: In which ſhe took occaſion to tell *Worthygrace*; that ſhe muſt have better proofs of his Love and Service, than a hare Tongue-Devotion: And, in order to that, he ſhou'd wave the advantage he had in her Father's opinion; and pay her no more Viſits, than he wou'd to an old, doating Relation of his, who liv'd moſt remote to him in Town; if any ſuch he had. To which *Worthygrace* reply'd, that he wou'd obey her, tho' to the hazard of his Life, and certain loſs of all his quiet. Madam (*ſaid my Lord*) if this worthy Gentleman's Fate be ſo Rigorous; what ſeverity has your Ladyſhip reſerv'd for me! How often, I mean, how ſeldom may I be permitted to pay my Devotion to you in an Age? The ſeldomer the better (*Return'd ſhe*): once more will ſatisfie for your whole Life. So, (ſaid *Bellamant*) this comes of inquiring

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ing into a Man's own destiny. Some farther prattle they had; at the end of which they took their leaves of the fair Ladys and the two Knights. As they were going out, my Lord told *Worthygrace*, that he had a Curiosity to shew him at his Lodgings; and therefore desir'd, that he wou'd give him the favour of his Company thither. Your Lordship (said *Worthygrace*) shall Command me in any thing. But one; (*Interrupted my Lord*,) shewing *Worthygrace* into the Coach. Mr. *Stepwell* your Servant (*said* Worthygrace) you had best make use of my Coach to your own House. Adieu, Mr. *Stepwell* (said Bellamant.) He humbly made his Obeisance to 'em both, and Roll'd home in State: But not without some suspicion of what might happen betwen 'em.

There were now no more in the Coach, than my Lord and *Worthygrace*; when my Lord, with a sigh, began thus to him.——How strangely does Fortune now at last begin to treat me! I mean, how severely! since, 'tis the first most sensible Affliction

fliction that ever touch'd me, to have you for my Rival. You, *Worthygrace* (*continu'd he*) whom, above all Men my Soul wou'd chuse for its dearest Companion in all things; but in a Mistress. I know the greatness of your mind; have seen a little of the sweetness of your Temper; have received an obligation from you this day, in delivering my Letter to *Philandra*, seal'd as I sent it, by that *Trifle Stepwell*, from whom you had it. And, after all this, is it not hard, that I must own to you, I cannot be happy if you live? At least in your pretensions to *Philandra*! This, my Lord (reply'd *Worthygrace*) is certainly the greatest of my Misfortunes, since, (give me leave to own this sacred truth to you!) your Lordship is the only Person among all Mankind, with whom I cou'd have contracted a most Religious Friendship: As, on the other side, That Charming Creature, created to our Misery, is she alone in whom I *must* be happy, as in a Wife. O! Pardon me! (return'd *Bellamant*) you must not; while I live:

You

You must therefore force your happiness through me; as I will attempt mine from you. Tho' Heaven knows with what regret! To morrow, Sir, (*continu'd he*) I shall expect you on the backside of *Southampton* House. The Field is near your Lodging, and not far from mine. Bring with you, two of your best Friends, as I will of mine; whom I beseech you engage to be no farther Active, than to endeavour the escape of the survivor. For, (haply) we may not both fall. Nor either of us, I cou'd wish (*return'd* Worthygrace) but (ah, my Lord!) these are but wishes. No more (said *Bellamant*) but thus I have contriv'd it, if you please:——our Chairs shall wait us at convenient distance; and our Friends shall prevent the unseasonable kindness of our Servants. And now, in the mean time we'll pray for one another. And, if it be my Fate to fall by you; Heaven forgive you, in its sweetest Mercy! And, if from you *(my Lord)* I meet my Death; Heav'n grant you happy life, here and hereafter; so *Worthygrace* return'd:

turn'd; and ask'd, What hour, my Lord? 'Tis light enough at four (reply'd *Bellamant*) be that the hour: If 'tis befitting your convenience, Sir. I shall most punctually observe your Lordships Commands, said *Worthygrace*, Till then, let us embrace, and *Think*, and *Act* as Friends, (*said my Lord, embracing him*) To which t'other return'd, and sigh'd, ah! wou'd to Heav'n, my Lord, I might for ever thus clasp you, as my Soul's Heart!

Having thus assign'd the time and place, they came at last to *Bellamant*'s Lodgings; where, after they had taken a friendly Bottle, *Worthygrace* left him, to find and prepare his Friends against the next Morning; which was as well *Bellamant*'s business that night. How soundly they slept I can't say: But they met exactly together at the time and place. Good morrow to your Lordship, (cry'd *Worthygrace.*) A happy one to my Dear and Honour'd Friend, (*Return'd my Lord.*) E're we begin this unfriendly dispute (*continu'd he*) let me endeavour to make an acknowledgement and return of the Obligatio

Obligation you laid on me yeſterday.——I here declare, before theſe Gentlemen, our worthy Friends, that I am the Aggreſſour: That I provok'd you to ſeek my Life, to defend your own. I know your Circumſtances with his Majeſty are not ſo advantageous for you, as I cou'd wiſh: I am ſenſible, you refus'd to ſerve him with your intereſt, for taking off the Penal Laws and Teſt. Mine are quite otherwiſe: This Letter therefore, *purſu'd he*, ſhewing a Letter, is ſuperſcrib'd *To his moſt Sacred Majeſty*, whom Heav'n bleſs! *ſaid the Lord* Bellamant; this of my Death will give a juſt account; as well as of the manner how I fought it.—O! this, my Lord, reply'd *Worthygrace*, *this* is *unjuſtly* Generous: ſince 'tis Riv'al'd Love that makes us both contend for the moſt glorious prize. No more thy Friend but Rival think me then! cry'd *Bellamant*, as I will look on thee; our Swords will elſe want points. No *more* as Friend my Lord? ſk'd *Worthygrace*. No more, *t'other* reply'd. *Philandra* is the word: At which

which they both drew; and fell to it *heartily*. Each was an excellent Master in that Bloody Science; and long was the dispute: Many and large Wounds were dealt on both sides; and the Effusion of Blood was great on each part. At last they clos'd; and struggling, fell both together, with their Swords and Arms over each others back: And both endeavour'd to rise, but neither cou'd: Which their Friends perceiving, each Party took his Man and bore him off to his Chair. But, to give 'em their due, those Spectators wou'd fain have been *otherwise* Active; and had been; had they not engag'd themselves most Religiously to the contrary: And it was happy for the Principals, that they did not Act in the Bloody part of this Scene. So with Sighs and Tears almost gushing from their Eyes, they took a sorrowful leave of each other: And, going different ways, they dispos'd of their Honourable unfortunate Charges; as *they* over night had receiv'd instructions from them.

The

The two Worthies were ſoon wanting to their Friends and Acquaintance; eſpecially *Worthygrace* to *Stepwell*; who, as I ſaid before, had ſome jealouſy of the deſign. Whereupon, next day he waited on *Philandra*, to know, if ſhe had ſeen, or heard from him: Who was a little ſurpriz'd, to hear him enquire of his Friend from *her*. I was going, Mr. *Stepwell*, *ſaid ſhe*, to ask you concerning his health. His Health, Madam! *(reply'd he in a melancholly tone)* pray Heaven, he has his life! What means this? *ask'd ſhe*. I'll ſay Amen to that Prayer always. But ſatisfie me, I beſeech you, why is there a more particular neceſſity of it *now*? He then acquainted her with the Grounds he had for his Suſpicion, that *Bellamant* and he had fought. Avert it Heaven! *ſaid ſhe*. She had hardly made an end of this ſhort Petition; e're her Father and Mother came in trembling. The firſt, in a doleful key (perhaps, in *gam-ut* or *C-fa-ut* flat. In which moſt of our famous farewells are ſet,) told her, that the Lord *Bellamant* had

had basely Murther'd Noble Mr. *Worthygrace*. However, *added he*, 'tis some comfort yet, that he first dispatch'd that Papist Bully; who else wou'd ha' Cut his Throat, with Pistols, Fuzees, Musquet, Blunderbusses, and all sorts of Fire-Arms. At this *Stepwell* cou'd hardly forbear smiling, for all this sorrowful account of his Friend and Patron: But *Philandra* and her Mother were almost drown'd in floods of their own Tears. However, *Philandra*, recollecting her self a little, told her Father, that she cou'd not believe, *Bellamant* had *basely* Murther'd *Worthygrace*; since he himself was kill'd before. No, no, Madam, reply'd *Stepwell*, all the World knew my Lord too Generous to do any thing below the Character of the bravest. But, why, Mr. *Stepwell*, *said the Mother*, since you had but too just a suspicion of their intention; why did you not endeavour to prevent 'em in it? Alas, Madam, *reply'd he*, nothing but Heaven or the King's Commands cou'd have hinder'd it. Nor cou'd the last have *long* obstructed their

their fatal Resolutions. O, most unfortunate of Womankind! cry'd out *Philandra*: Who will endure to hear my hated name? Since, for *my* sake two such brave Men are lost. My dear Daughter, and only Child (*said the old Man*) do not grieve so immoderately! Sir *Blunder* is yet alive, who will make a better Husband for *thee* than either of 'em; and him, I resolve thou shalt marry to morrow; or I protest, thou sha't not inherit one hundred pence of my Estate. At this the Daughter fell into a swoon, and so sooner was she come to her self, than the Lady-Mother fell into a Fit: Insomuch, that there was a most hellish stink for the space of an hour and half: In all which time she shew'd variety of Postures, and wonderful Agility of Body. The Perfumes with which they entertain'd her dainty Nostrils, were *Assa Fœtida*, Spirit of *Armoniac* Salt, Spirit of *Castor*, Oil of *Amber*: The next Fumigations were of abount a pound or two of Feathers, and a blue Apron and half of the Kitchin-Maids; which last stank so powerfully, that it brought

her a little to her self!——Give me a little Water (*Cry'd out in a weak Languishing tone*) at which her then useful Husband saluted her on one side, with the wholesome Scent of Spirit of Harts-horn; which, with a Cup of Flower and Water did her business most effectually for the present: Tho, when Mr. *Physmatary* came to look into her case; he pronounc'd her a Dying Woman. For she had so strain'd her self in acting her part, that there was not a joynt about her, that did not most sensibly suffer in this elaborate Scene. Besides she had been too frequently busy in her Closet, with her cold Tea and right Irish Usquebagh; so that in less than a fortnights time she dy'd: And not many days after, the old Skeleton her Husband cheated the Worms with a meer dry Carkass. However he had the satisfaction e're he dy'd, to see and speak with his dear Daughter; to whom he gave the blessing of above 30000*l.* Estate. For the other Blessing of his Prayers ('tis fear'd) they did her more hurt than good. *Philandra*, during the time of his sickness, was very

very diligent in her Attendance on him; which he rewarded with all his Worldly goods, except a thousand pounds; which he bequeath'd in Legacies to some of his Piteous Poor near Relations, and to his menial Servants. Not forgetting his good Friend Sir *Blunder*; to whom he gave a Diamond-Ring worth above an hundred pounds; and withal begg'd his kind assistance of his Daughter, whenever she shou'd need it: Recommending him to her once more as the fittest Man for her Husband.——You may believe, she took on like any *thing*, for the death of a Father, whose life robb'd her of such an Estate; and the Pleasure of managing it according to the Gayety of her humour.

The first thing she did then, after the Interrment of her Father, which was very solemn and sumptuous, was to remove from that dismal Scene of Sorrow and Villany; that damn'd, ugly, old, dark House in the City, whence she had bury'd her two best Friends; to *adorn* a Country-House of her's about seven miles off; where she contin'd, to every one's thinking that

saw her, in deep Mourning somewhat more than a month: In which time the two Rivals were perfectly cur'd of the Wounds they had given each other, by the extraordinary care and skill of their Friends, on both sides; which however was unknown to each other. But the Wounds they had receiv'd from their false and Cruel Mistress (as *Bellamant* and *Worthygrace* both thought her) were still bleeding fresh, if any body cou'd have seen into their *Hearts*, you must think. The news of their Death was still currant all over *England*, among those who had heard of their dispute; as well Friends as Strangers: unless, among those who manag'd th's report: which gave *Worthygrace* opportunity to slip over into *France*, in a disguise; where he thought to find a Brother of his, of about seventeen: But (it seems) he was gone for *Rome* about 2 months before the arrival of his elder Brother. Mean while the Lord *Bellamant* caus'd a Coffin to be privately bury'd in a Chappel of his in *Lancashire*, where best part of his Estate lay: The Report of his Death, which

now

now was no longer doubted, gave him the happy opportunity of Transforming himself into the habit of his Sister *Arabella*; the exact likeness he had before; insomuch, that he might easily have deceiv'd his own Wife, if he had been marry'd, unless, perhaps, in Bed.

'Twas in this seeming Transmutation of Sexes that he waited on *Philandra* at her House (for he had an account of all her motions, as well as of all the accidents in the Family at the old Dungeon) The counterfeited *Arabella* pretended to be just arriv'd from *France*, and that she came to enquire of *Philandra*, whether my Lord her Brother were alive or dead. *Philandra* was strangely surpriz'd to hear that *Arabella* was come to give her a visit; and ran instantly, with all the wings that wonder cou'd give her; and add to those, the haste that her love to the memory of the Lord *Bellamant* inspir'd her with, and you can think no otherwise than that she *flew* to receive the suppos'd *Arabella*, whom she embrac'd with the most endearing expressions of Love, and

Friendſhip, that a Soul like hers was capable of pretending; adding a kiſs almoſt at every period. And when ſhe nam'd *Bellamant*, whole Rivers of tears flow'd ſilently from her fatal, and then moſt charming eyes; as if ſhe ſeem'd to endeavour with thoſe, to waſh off her guilt of his blood. *Bellamant* was damnably put to't, to check and withold himſelf from a diſcovery of who he was; ſo provoking were her Careſſes: But the apprehenſions he had of his Rival's death, forbad him to hazar'd his life in a Womans hands, tho' it had almoſt flown from him whether he wou'd or no, while ſhe was kiſſing him. With ſome difficulty I think he got looſe from the Serpent's embraces; telling her, that the memory of the dear Lord her Brother was ſo afflicting, that unleſs ſhe took a little air, ſhe ſhou'd immediately Die away. With that, he withdrew to the window, and a kind freſh gale pretty well cool'd him. Then turning again to her, he preſented her with a Paper. See here, Madam (*ſaid he*), how paſſionately and conſtantly my dear Brother

ther lov'd you; this I found among some Papers of his, superscrib'd to you. *Philandra* took it, and read,

At length Disdain
Has broke the Chain,
And I am no longer your Amorous Slave;
My heart is too great,
For so servile a Fate,
And meerly Despair now has render'd me brave.
With equal contempt I behold all your Frowns,
And defie all the scorn which on me you misplace;
For (alas) 'twas my madness that gave my Wounds,
And all my Devotion, Idolatry was.

But (Oh!) my heart,
Still feels the smart,
And Death, I perceive, will the Conquest compleat;
Then frown once again,
T'encourage my pain,
And let not your Pity, your Rigour defeat:

For ſince I muſt fall a Martyr to Love,
Let e'ry ſad Circumſtance torture my breaſt;
That I your Injuſtice the greater may prove,
And you be Tormented, when I am at Reſt.

This, Madam, ſaid he, you may believe was written ſince his fatal engagement with Mr. *Worthygrace*; for the Characters of the Letters ſeem, as if made by a weak and tremulous hand. I fear they were, reply'd ſhe, but his Character is engrav'd here in my heart, too fair and deep to be eraz'd by any thing but Death. The feign'd *Arabella* then gave her his Picture drawn in minature, and ſet in Gold, incircled with Diamonds, and other Stones of great value; which ſhe receiv'd with a thouſand kiſſes, and lodg'd it between her lovely Breaſts. That, Madam, ſaid he, ſhould have been the Throne of the Living and Subſtantial *Bellamant*. And

ſo

ſo it ſhou'd, return'd *Philandra*, cou'd he but live again. In vain we wiſh, or ſuppoſe that, Madam, reply'd he, I muſt therefore divorce my ſelf from your dear ſight, that with the greater freedom I may alone mourn his hard Fate. 'Twill be perform'd with the greater Solemnity, Madam, (ſaid *Philandra*) if you ſtay, and ſee me bear the heavier part; for the loſs of a Brother is not comparable to that of a Lover. However, Madam, reply'd he, I ſhall be the more ſenſibly afflicted, to ſee my ſelf out-done in my Grief. No, Madam, interrupted *Philandra*, you ſhall not rob me ſo ſoon of your Charming Converſation, for I did at leaſt flatter my ſelf with the hopes of your Ladyſhips ſtay here this week. You'll pardon me, Madam, ſaid *Bellamant*, I have yet lain but two Nights in *England*, and have not ſo much as any outward ſhew of mourning for the loſs of ſo dear a Brother. As ſoon as I reach'd the Town, I went to pay my earlieſt reſpects to you, Madam, at the old Houſe; and not finding you there, I learn'd from

Sir *Blunder* where I might be so happy. And now, Madam, *added he*, you cannot but grant that it is necessary I shou'd make all possible haste to my dear Brother's Lodgings (whence I came directly to wait on you) to order what befits my Quality, and present Circumstances. In this, (return'd *Philandra*) tho' with some regret, I must submit to your Ladyship, yet not without a promise of as speedy a return as your Honours convenience shall present. I do most certainly oblige my self to that happiness, Madam, *Reply'd the Beautiful Counterfeit*, and I am so far provided, that I have already found, and entertain'd my Brother's Coach-man, and two of his Footmen, who brought, and attended me hither; but *Theodora* my Woman, whom I took with me to *Paris*, I left there at my coming away, hardly recover'd of a Surfeit she took with eating too many Grapes: Nor do I mean to take any other, being almost assur'd of her Recovery. Secure in your goodness of your promise, Madam, said *Philandra*, I shall

now

now more earneſtly look and wiſh for that kind and bleſſed day, that ſhall return you to my longing arms, than I ſhou'd expect my Wedding-day with the moſt Beautiful and moſt Accompliſh'd Man breathing. O happy, yet happy *Bellamant* (cry'd he) if thou knewſt how kindly thou art preſerv'd in her memory, to which, I eternally recommend, and leave him. Madam (return'd *Philandra*) I am your Honours moſt humble Servant——— So waiting on him to his Coach, they bowed, and parted.

While *Bellamant* was thus ſucceſsfully perſonating his Siſter *Arabella*; *Worthygrace*, who had been near a fortnight in *Paris*, one day made a viſit to a Lady of Quality of his former acquaintance; with whom he found the Lady *Arabella*, in company with the Lady her Relation, to whom ſhe went over. You may imagine he was a little ſtartl'd at ſo ſtrange a Rencounter, eſpecially, when her Beautiful Face reminded him ſo nearly of the Lord her Brother, whom he believ'd kill'd by his hand. He was going

going therefore to retreat; telling the Lady, that since he saw her engaged in better Company, and, haply, in greater business than a bare formal Visit, which he then came to pay her, he wou'd take an opportunity to wait on her, to obtain his pardon, for having given her a diversion of happiness she must needs enjoy in the Conversation of those fair Ladies.

The Lady, his friend, who was of an extraordinary good humour, and had a great respect for him; ran immediately to him, and taking him by the hand, told him, that his visit was so surprizingly pleasant, since she had not seen him in more than a twelve month, and knew not that he was in *France*; that if Madam *Maintenon* had been there, discoursing and consulting her how to make her great at Court, (which she cou'd not be so vain or fond as to wish) she wou'd certainly have left her abruptly, to have enquir'd of his health, and the present state of his Affairs, if he wou'd not have condescended to joyn conversation

tion with them. *Worthygrace* seeing himself so finely drawn in, set as good a face upon the matter, as his Conscience wou'd permit him; and after having made his *Baise-mains* to all three of them, he sat down, and entertain'd 'em very pleasantly for about half an hour; partly with some of the late accidents that befell him in *England*; giving 'em a little hint of the passion he had for a Beautiful Lady; but never so much as touching upon any dispute he had for her, or naming the Lord *Bellamant*. *Arabella*, who all this while look'd on him very stedfastly, when ever his eyes were turn'd from her, which he took care shou'd not be very often. Told him, after he had given 'em an account of his misfortune in Love, she fancy'd she had the honour to be known to that Beautiful English Lady, to whom he had pay'd so great a devotion, as well as the good fortune to have seen him once in the *Mall* with her, where then was the Lord *Bellamant*, her Brother. And I remember, Madam, return'd he, that I then had the happiness to behold

hold those irresistable Charms you bear about you, without the apprehension of any danger from 'em; since then I was pre-possess'd: But now I find a greater misfortune attends me; for that I know, from this moment I must both Love, and Despair. *Arabella*, who possibly had a very advantageous opinion of his Person, and Character, the last of which, she had from her Brother; blush'd, and smil'd, telling him, that she cou'd not but commend his Gallantry, tho' it were so customary to him. She then proceeded to ask him when he saw her Brother? and whether he were well, or no? To which, he answer'd, that it was near two months since he had the honour to see him. And, added he, Madam, I hope *in Heaven* he is well. If, Sir, said the Lady *Arabella*, you have had such ill fortune in your Love of *Philandra*, I am apt to flatter my self, that my Brother may have better; since I have often heard him say, he valu'd no Rival but your self. I can assure your Ladyship, reply'd he, he has none of me *now*. But when did

did your Ladyſhip hear from him? Not theſe two months, return'd *Arabella*, that is, Sir, I have receiv'd but one Letter from him ſince I left *England*; which came to me ſome few days after my arrival hither——*Worthygrace* thought it was very odd, that he ſhou'd have been almoſt as long dead, and ſhe not have an account of it in all this time. However, he thought fit to ask her no more queſtions for Conſcience ſake. So that after about an hours more diſcourſe of the Affairs of the *French* Court, and of Things indifferent to them, the Ladies took their leave; and when *Worthygrace* had ſeen 'em in their Coach, he return'd with his good humour'd Acquaintance; to whom he made a ſolemn declaration of his ſudden paſſion for *Arabella*; and withall, told her what reaſon he had to deſpair of ſucceeding in it; not ſo much as omitting the Duel, nor the fatal Conſequence, *as he thought, of it.* The Lady was much diſturb'd at the bloody part of the ſtory; however, ſhe promis'd her aſſiſtance, and the intereſt ſhe had

with

with the Person of Honour, *Arabella*'s Relation. But by the way, she ask'd him, how he cou'd so easily quit himself of *Philandra*'s Chains, and so immediately fall passionately in love with *Arabella*? To which he reply'd, Madam, your last Question is an answer to your first, because I am fain passionately in love with *Arabella*, whom at first sight I thought one of the most Beautiful Creatures in the world; therefore I have quitted my self of *Philandra*'s chains. Nor is this all, for I am sensible, that this Lady was Educated in all the strict, yet generous Principles of true Vertue, and Honour, tho' she be a Roman-Catholick: Not to speak of the advantage she has of *Philandra*, in real Beauty; which, on a review, any impartial eye may discern; when t'other has but a tawdry, wanton, fading prettiness, which cannot hold above ten years. Nor will I much reflect on the ill Principles of her Parents, nor the Ill-gotten Estate, that made her Father the first *Worshipful* Rogue of his Family; who brought her up in the true

Whining

Whining and Canting Principles of a moſt Famous City, where there are above a thouſand ſeveral Families of the *Gripley*'s. But why, ask'd the Lady, was not all this conſider'd before you fought? Before we fought, Madam, reply'd he, I lov'd her, and cou'd think o' nothing but enjoying her. But, Madam, continued he, to your diſcretion I commend all my future happineſs on Earth; and I humbly kiſs your hands 'till to morrow. Be confident, ſhe return'd, you ſhall not want the beſt endeavours of your Servant.

When *Worthygrace* left her, he went directly to his Lodgings, and diſpatched a Letter to his Siſter *Henrietta*, a Lady of about Eighteen; being a year older than her Brother *Horatio*, at that time in *Italy*: In which, he entreated her by all means, to confirm, and continue the Report of his Death; and with all, begg'd of her to diſpence with her modeſty ſo far for his ſake, as to perſonate her younger Brother in Man's habit; for in that borrow'd ſhape, ſhe might the more

more freely converse with Gentlemen in Town, some of which, might happily give her a certain account, whether the Lord *Bellamant* were living, or dead; if not, possibly *Philander* wou'd, whom he advised to deceive with that disguise, unless she found her a friend to his interest; which wou'd undoubtedly strengthen her, and all the rest of his Acquaintance, in the opinion of his death, and that perhaps, was the only way to preserve his life. With this Letter, he sent her a Bill of Exchange for a Thousand Pounds, that she might appear as her Brother *Horatio*, next Heir to the Estate.

Upon perusal of these Papers, she was at first in a dispute, whether she shou'd act according to her Brother's entreaty, or obey the severe dictates of her modesty, which seem'd absolutely to forbid her to change her Sexes habit: but at last she was overrul'd, by the necessity of her Brother's Circumstances. Wherefore leaving *Yorkshire* in Man's Cloaths, with a young Gentlewoman her Attendant, she

she came to Town; where she equip'd her self, and her Companion with Mourning Suits; the Mourning Coach and Liveries were soon prepar'd, and all things necessary, and decent. And thus accouter'd, she resolv'd first for *Philandra*'s, having had a great curiosity a long time, to see that fatally Celebrated Beauty. Rightly imagining too, that she might as soon learn the certainty of *Bellamant*'s Life, or Death, from her, as from any one of my Lord's Acquaintance in Town, to whom she was as yet a stranger. The feign'd *Horatio* was most kindly receiv'd by *Philandra*, with all the signs of a most sensible grief, for the death of so brave a Man, and so Generous a Lover as *Worthygrace*. Telling the Counterfeit *Horatio*, that she cou'd not part with so near a Relation, and so dear a Friend of that Worthy Man, whose Love was his only fault, and misfortune; without giving him more signal proofs, and ample expressions of the veneration she had for his Memory; wherefore she must needs oblige him, and his friend, to stay some

some few days with her; which, after some importunity, they yielded to; where we will leave 'em, and make a trip over into *France*.

The next day after *Worthygrace* had entertain'd *Arabella* with the discourse of his unfortunate Love; the *French* Lady of Quality, *Worthygrace's* particular Friend, went with him in his Coach, to wait on the Lady *Arabella*, whom they found almost drown'd in tears; however, she receiv'd 'em with all the evenness of temper that her afflicted Circumstances won'd allow of. The Lady ask'd her, what cou'd so suddenly overcast the accustom'd Sun-shine of her face, and serenity of her mind, with which but yesterday she had made 'em so happy. She reply'd, that she had receiv'd a Letter not two hours since, that brought her a certain account, that her Brother was kill'd in a Duel, about two months ago.

Wherefore, Madam, (*pursu'd she*) I hope, you'll rather pity and pardon, than blame these Tears; which seem to give your Ladyship and this Honourable

nourable Perſon, your Friend, but a rude and untoward Reception. Ah, Madam, (*reply'd the French Lady with Tears in her Eyes*) your Grief appears ſo beautiful and juſt on ſo ſad an occaſion; that I'm in Love with it; and muſt, in ſome meaſure partake of it. For, I have ſometimes had the Honour of my Lord your Brothers obliging Converſation.——All this (*you may believe*) was no little mortification to *Worthygrace*; who told *Arabella*, that, tho' Nature had deny'd him the relief of expreſſing his ſorrow in Tears; yet he believ'd, his Heart was as ſenſibly touch'd with the loſs of ſo Gallant a Man, even as the Charming *Arabella*'s. (*And I am apt to Credit him*) And, Madam, (*continu'd he*) ſince we find your Ladyſhip under ſo great a preſſure of Affliction we ought to eſteem our ſelves happy in our viſit to you; ſince we may help to bear ſome part of its weight, and break the violence of its fall on ſo tender a Heart. In my opinion (*ſaid* Climane, *the French Lady his Friend*) 'twere better, we let the torrent of her Grief waſte

waſte its impetuoſity without any oppoſition; and leave her, as it were to *Enjoy* the ſullen Uſurper of her Reaſon. There is a kind of ſatisfaction in a ſilent and interrupted Melancholly. 'Tis confeſs'd, Madam, (*reply'd he*) but to give place to it at firſt I fear, may embolden and confirm it. I am oblig'd, Sir, (ſaid *Arabella*) to the kindneſs of your fears: But, I muſt needs acknowledge it a greater Obligation, if you will permit me the Pleaſure of this one days retreat. For theſe enſuing hours (return'd *Climene*) we ſhall not contend with your Ladyſhip: But to morrow, in the name of good Reaſon, we claim as our own. 'Tis indiſpenſibly due to our Charity. Look therefore you propoſe to receive us with as little uneaſineſs as we can expect from a Lady in your Circumſtances! So, without ſtaying for an anſwer, or making any Complements, they took their leaves in an humble and profound ſilence. She was very glad they were gone: For tho' ſhe were extreamly troubled at the news her Brother ſent her of the deſperate condition

condition he lay so long under, thro' the largeness and number of his Wounds; yet she was overjoy'd at the certain knowledge of his Recovery: So that if they had stay'd any considerable time, she cou'd not have maintain'd that sorrowful Countenance with which she at first receiv'd 'em, to the end of the Chapter: And, if she had not; 'twou'd directly have cross'd *Bellamant*'s design of having his Death believ'd in *France*, as well as here: To which end, he writ to her to put on Mourning, and all outward shew of Grief, for the loss of an only Brother: And withall, advis'd her, to make what convenient haste she cou'd to *England*; all which she most punctually observ'd: As *Henrietta* did her Brother *Worthygrace*'s here; who, in less than a weeks time, had so well sounded the depths of *Philandra*'s Heart; that she perceiv'd, *Philandra* was clearly for rewarding the survivor in the Duel; had there been any, as she suppos'd there was not; with the enjoyment of her Person and Estate. Upon which, to make

a ſure bargain for her Brother, not knowing that his Heart was now otherwiſe engag'd, ſhe made an ouvert Relation to *Philandra*, of the whole Buſineſs; not ſo much as concealing her own Sex. How, (*cry'd* Philandra, *in a tranſport of joy, not to be equall'd or Counterfeited but by her ſelf.*) Does that great and Generous Soul ſtill inform and Actuate the Body of your dear Brother and my Lover!——— And, are you not *Horatio*? who are you then? I am call'd *Henrietta*, Madam (*reply'd ſhe*) only Siſter to *Worthygrace*; who is now in *France*, waiting till the Tide of State turn; or to procure his pardon: whi.h (*alas!*) I think, is not in humane proſpect. O! might I but ſee him once more e're I dy'd (ſaid *Philandra*) if ſeeing him muſt be *All*, I then ſhou'd go contented to my Grave. That's as your Love or Intereſt ſhall inſtruct you, Madam, (reply'd *Henrietta*) but I rather hope you'll conſult the firſt only. But (poſſibly) he has forgot me now: Or, which is worſe, may have another Miſtreſs. I doubt not, Madam, (reply'd

(reply'd *Henrietta*) to ſatisfie you of the contrary within theſe few weeks; and to ſhew you his moſt grateful acknowledgements, under his own hand and ſeal, of ſo great and unexpected a favour as you have promis'd. In the mean time, I beg your Ladyſhip will ſtill receive me as my Brother *Horatio*, the better to continue the opinion of his Death. That, Madam (return'd *Philandra*) is but neceſſary to his greater ſecurity.

As they were thus concluding on matters between 'em, Sir *Blunder Slouch* led in the feign'd *Arabella* to 'em: Whom alſoon as *Philandra* ſaw, ſhe whiſper'd to *Henrietta*, *This is the Lady* Arabella, *Siſter to the Lord* Bellamant. *Be cautious in your Diſcourſe!* She then receiv'd and embrac'd the Pretended Lord, with a great deal of reſpect and tenderneſs: Who return'd her Compliments and Careſſes with equal Ceremony and Ardour. Telling her, he was now come to be happy for a week or more in her admir'd Company. The two Contrefeits then ſaluted each other; after which *Philandra* told the feign'd *Arabella*, that it was

Horatio younger Brother to *Worthy grace*, whom then she saw: And begg'd, that the fatal effects of their Brother's Gallantry might not give them any resentments against each other. Upon which they renew'd their Complements; ending with a Generous Compassion of each others loss in two such brave Men and so near Relations. Then they din'd together; at that time entertaining themselves at Sir *Blunder*'s cost; that was in their Raillery on him: which (perhaps) he would have bought off at the price of half a score Dinners. But however *Bellamant* appear'd pleasant in Discourse, his thoughts were very troublesome; he never took his Eyes from *Horatio*'s Face, unless when they encounter'd his: and then, with a *Woman's Modesty*, he wou'd let fall his, and (it may be) with a blush, which t'other cou'd not avoid taking notice of to her self. Now it was not Love but Jealousie that fix'd *Bellamant*'s Eyes on *Horatio*, imagining, that the younger Brother was now come to Rival him in *Philandra*: yet he rather desir'd that she might mistake his Glan-

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ces for thoſe of Love; which luckily for him ſhe did. After a modeſt Grace-cup, they fell into Cabals, *Arabella* and *Philandra*, *Horatio* and Sir *Blunder*, *Arabella*'s Gentlewoman and *Horatio*'s Companion, entertaining each other in Pairs. When *Bellamant*, to try if he had any reaſonable grounds for his Jealouſie, enter'd on a deſign the moſt odd and leaſt practicable that, perhaps, you have heard of: for, miſtaking *Henrietta* for her younger Brother, he took occaſion to ſpeak ſo obligingly of the pretended *Horatio*'s Perſon, Meen, and Converſation, to *Philandra*, that ſhe cou'd not doubt, that it proceeded from the immediate Paſſion of Love. And, to ſpeak juſtly of her, though *Henrietta* had different Charms in her Face, Perſon, and in all her Actions, yet ſhe had as many and as great as *Philandra* or the real *Arabella*. Madam, (*ſaid* Philandra *to* Bellamant,) Your Ladyſhip ſpeaks ſo ſenſibly of this Gentleman's Perfections, that I have ſome reaſon to believe you cou'd love him moſt paſſionately. Poſſibly, Madam, *return'd he*, if there were any

proſpect of his kind return to ſuch thoughts as you ſeem to entertain; & that it were not to invade your juſt Prerogative of Empire over the Hearts of all the deſertful Men, I ſhould not bluſh to own, that I have no common Reſpect for a Perſon of his Merits. 'Tis enough, *replied* Philandra, I humbly thank your Honour, Madam, for ſo free a Confeſſion: And ſhall eſteem myſelf infinitely happy, if your Ladiſhip will uſe me as an Inſtrument in the uniting two ſuch generous Hearts. Be confident of me, I beſeech your Ladiſhip, *continued ſhe*, and be eaſie, for I will ſo manage this Affair, that he ſhall make his Addreſſes to your Ladiſhip. I perceiv'd and underſtood the Diſcourſes of your Eyes on either ſide, whilſt at Dinner. Let not my Modeſty ſuffer, I conjure you, Madam, *ſaid the feign'd* Arabella, for I had rather die in Deſpair. Truſt my Conduct, Madam, *return'd* Philandra, it ſhall not coſt you a Bluſh more, than what the Diſcourſe of his Paſſion may occaſion. While the Lord *Bellamant* was thus pretending a Paſſion for *Horatio*, the young counterfeit

Spark's

Spark's Eyes did often meet *Bellamant's*; which he obſerv'd well enough. And at the ſame time was that beautiful Youth ſpeaking very advantageouſly, but juſtly too, of the feign'd *Arabella's* Excellencies to Sir *Blunder Slouch*; who, tho he was no great Artiſt in Love, yet imagin'd that the Youngſter had a Month's Mind to a Perſon of Honour; which, at the firſt opportunity he had, tho deſir'd to keep it ſecret, according to the invincible Treachery of his Nature, he diſcover'd to *Philandra:* And ſhe, after ſhe had paid her earlieſt Devoirs to the ſuppos'd *Arabella*, whom ſhe left in Bed, went directly to *Henrietta's* Apartment, and charged her with what ſhe had learn'd from Sir *Blunder Slouch*. She cou'd not but admire the Secrecy and Integrity of that Knight; nor did ſhe deny, that ſhe had ſaid all ſhe cou'd think in praiſe of that beauteous Creature. And all, dear Madam, *cried ſhe*, comes ſhort of her Merits. Indeed I have a juſt reaſon to thank Heaven that ſhe is not a *Man.* This is as I wou'd have it, *ſaid* Philandra, for ſhe is paſſionately

in love with you: and I muſt ſee your Hearts and Hands united in the Holy Bands of Matrimony, (an't ſhall pleaſe you, Sir.) Why, you rave *Philandra*, *ſaid ſhe*, Do you know who, and what I am? Yes, you are the Charming *Henrietta*, *replied* Philandra, Siſter to my dear *Worthygrace*, and Womankind. And, *interrupted* Henrietta, would you have the ſeeming Brother of *Worthygrace* marry with the Lord *Bellamant*'s real Siſter? Why, there's the jeſt and the carneſt on't; *replyed* Philandra, for it will give the better countenance to the Report of your Brother's Death. But, conſider, I remind you, *ſaid* Henrietta, that I am meer Womankind. I do ſo; *replied* Philandra, and there will be the pleaſure on't, to ſee how ſhe will bear the loſs of her Expectation in you. Ah, *cry'd* Henrietta, but, by your Pardon, Madam, (methinks) that wou'd be ſomewhat barbarous, and a great Indignity to a Perſon of her Quality. Barbarous! *ſaid* Philandra, not at all, Child: For, being both of one Sex, the Marriage is void of courſe. And as for the Indignity, in

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my Opinion, 'tis none: 'twill only be look'd on as a Condescension in you to pleasure her: Besides, we'll find out some Trick or other to part you, without discovering your Sex to her. Come, come, (*pursued she*) it must be done; I am resolv'd on't. Well, dear Madam, (*return'd* Henrietta) to pleasure you, but (let me own it, with Pardon) more particularly to serve my Brother, I will begin the Courtship to the Lady *Arabella*. This was agreed, and proceeded on that very day: and the fair Counterfeit found he shou'd have no hard Siege of his beautiful Mistress's Heart. I think at the third Approach he made towards it, she began a Parley; at the end of which she surrender'd on Discretion. Married then they were, but very privately, and with no Solemnity or Mirth more than usual, unless it were the addition of two or three Country-Fidles, and the pleasure of seeing Sir *Blunder* very bestially Drunk. At night *Arabella* was put to Bed, trembling for fear of a Discovery of his Sex; being partly undress'd by *Philandra*'s fair Hands.

You may imagine what a fine condition she was in, when *Philandra* came to finger her Neck, near the place of her No-bubbies: 'twas then she was forc'd to pretend she was ready to swoon away, with a faint and almost dying Voice, begging *Philandra* and the rest of the Females, to give her leave to put her self to Bed; which, with some difficulty, they permitted her: where she laid her self down close to the Bed-post; a very hopeful Bride. But the Bridegroom scap'd better, for there was no man to undress him, but Sir *Blunder*, who had drunk himself out of that Office. The Bridegroom no sooner came into Bed, but as *Philandra* had instructed him, he took the Bride about the neck, and, (as it were) forc'd a kiss, and then the Company left 'em to themselves, for that night; and each mistaking the others Sex; after some comical reflections to themselves, on their odd and hasty Marriage, fell fast asleep. *Bellamant* with the pleasure to think that he had now defeated *Philandra* of a second Lover; and *Henrietta* with the satisfaction that this Gordian

dian knot might be unty'd when ever she pleas'd.

Between Seven and Eight the next morning, the fair Bridegroom ask'd his Bride how she had slept that night? To which she reply'd, very well, and quietly, I thank you, Sir; he wish'd her then a good morrow, which she return'd to him; and not long after he rose, leaving the Bride the opportunity of dressing her self; which I can assure you was then very obliging. About half an hour after came in the fulsom mess of Cawdles, with Potions of Tent, and Malaga; which, whether she tasted or no, I was not curious to enquire. After Dinner they took Coach, as they had contriv'd with *Philandra*; and seem'd to drive for *London*, taking their leave of Sir *Blunder*, who in less than an hour went directly for the Town, while they return'd a contrary way to *Philandra*. This was done to prevent the trouble of so many visits from all their friends and acquaintance that were known to Sir *Blunder*, whom they were sure he wou'd otherwise have sent. At *Philandra*'s then

they pass'd two nights more, almost in the state of innocence; only *Bellamant* wou'd be now and then reflecting on the mess of bawdery that *Philandra*, and the other Women-Creatures entertain'd him with, after the Sack posset, while they were undressing him on the Wedding-Night; mistaking him for the true *Arabella*; which did sometimes but too well remind him of his Sex. And doubtless had he known what excellent matter to work upon he had lying by him, all those three nights, he wou'd have gone near to have discover'd, and so perhaps to have lost himself in search of such treasures. The third morning when the Beautiful young Bridegroom was taking a walk about the grounds, *Philandra* came to pay her respects to the Bride; just as by good fortune she was dress'd, and no body with her, but her Page in Woman's Cloaths, who pass'd for her the Attendant. *Philandra* seem'd to desire some private Conference with her, on which, the Attendant withdrew. Madam, said *Philandra*, your Ladyship puts me quite out of conceit with marriage;

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for I have obſerv'd, that ever ſince you have been more than uſually melancholly. I beg your Honour therefore to let me know what it is that diſlikes you in this State, and what you find more than heretofore pleaſant, if any ſuch thing there be. Ah, *Philandra*, reply'd the ſuppos'd *Arabella*, I can eaſily ſay what diſlikes me. I have ſold my Liberty, *Philandra*, and to one, who I fear, had before engag'd his heart to another. He's Young, and Beautiful, 'tis true, and that he is a Man I cannot doubt, by outward appearance; but——I have heretofore dream'd of——I know not what——Joys, that we marry'd folks ſhou'd be fed with, 'till we e'en ſurfeited of 'em; but I find he has no other in ſtore for me, than a good morrow, or good night. Or an inſipid out 'o bed breakfaſt of Cawdles, and Sack, interrupted *Philandra*. Ay, *Philandra*, reply'd *Arabella*, this is all the pleaſure I find in it. Poor *Lady*, cry'd *Philandra*, this is a heavy doleful Tale——Good Heaven guard me from ſuch a fool of a Husband. Why, pray, Madam, ask'd the ignorant

rant Bride, what more wou'd you expect from your Husband? Poor Dear Soul, return'd *Philandra*, what more? why——At least a thousand kisses ev'ry day, and one continu'd Embrace every night; or so many so suddainly repeated, that they shou'd seem but one. Alas, Madam, return'd the Bride, this were enough to make any Man's arms, back, and heart ake; besides, I shou'd fear he wou'd stifle us both. Not to consider the loss of sleep, which wou'd discompose and unfit us for the next day's Conversation. Sleep, Conversation, interrupted t'other; why, my Dear, sleep ought to be banish'd, at least, all the first month, unless, from five or six in the morning, till eleven or twelve at noon. And no conversation ought in reason or modesty to be expected by any of their Friends or Acquaintance, but just in a morning's visit, or at Dinner, and Supper; the rest of the day ought to be sacred to Love, and the Happy Pair in Lonely Retreats, Pleasant Gardens, Cool Grotto's, and Shady Groves. Bless me, Madam, cry'd *Arabella*, what a *Her-*

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ealet of a Husband muſt yours be? Nay, Madam, pardon me, ſaid *Philandra*, I do not mean that only ſuch a one wou'd ſatisfie me, but I ſuppoſe this the Spark's duty for the whole honey-moon. I wonder, Madam, ſaid the Bride, what you wou'd do then, if you had ſuch a quiet Spark as mine, who never ſo much as touches me, nor ſpeaks after the firſt good night, 'till the next morning. Why, truly Madam, reply'd *Philandra*, to be ingenuous to you, I ſhou'd ſeek my ſatisfaction elſewhere. O fye, return'd *Arabella*, I warrant you wou'd not commit that Sin for the Univerſe. No, Madam, anſwer'd t'other, 'tis my dull niggardly Husband that ſtarves me at home, who commits the Sin, in forcing me to ſeek out for my own ſuſtenance. Alas, Madam, continued ſhe, the thing is nothing in it ſelf, but pleaſure; the Crime lies in being detected of it. This indeed, Madam, return'd *Arabella*, is to me a new ſort of Doctrine; but I find it very reaſonable; how wholſome it may prove, I am yet to learn. As your food, I'll warrant it, reply'd t'other,

'tother, and as necessary; and I hope you will put it in practice with the first opportunity. I can't promise you that, return'd *Arabella*, 'till I have thought further on't.

Immediately at the end of this discourse the Bridegroom enter'd; who told *Arabella* that he desir'd to wait on her to her own Lodgings in Town, that Afternoon, because he expected a near Kinsman of his, a young Gentleman of about Eighteen, who came from *Yorkshire* almost on purpose to visit him. And since her Ladyships Lodgings in *Soho-Square*, he believ'd were most convenient, he wou'd leave word at his own Lodgings, where his Cousin *Winlove*, for so was he call'd, might find him. I'm all obedience to your pleasure, Sir, (reply'd *Arabella*.) After which, they only stay'd dinner with *Philandra*, for the Coach was made ready before: and when *Philandra* had oblig'd her self to visit 'em as soon, and often as 'twas possible, they hurried away to *Arabella*'s Lodgings in Town, where he left her, and went to his own, whence he return'd, with some uneasiness, enough observable

ble in his face, and haſte. Madam, ſaid he, I muſt beg your Ladyſhips pardon, that I am conſtrain'd to leave you for ſome few days. I have juſt now receiv'd a Letter left at my Lodgings theſe three days, that calls me immediately into *Yorkſhire*, where my preſence is abſolutely neceſſary, to ſettle ſome part of my Eſtate. I do aſſure your Ladyſhip I will be as expeditious in the diſpatch of my Affairs as may be, that I may return the ſooner, to the greateſt happineſs I have on Earth, your Ladyſhip——— But——I had almoſt forgot to beg your Ladyſhip wou'd receive my Kinſman with the ſame kindneſs and familiarity you wou'd entertain me; deny him nothing, to expreſs the welcome of him——For give me leave to ſay, Madam, tho' he is my near Relation, he is a very worthy, and finely accompliſh'd Gentleman, and indeed extreamly Beautiful; and were his hair fair, as it is exceeding black, you wou'd eaſily miſtake him for *Philandra*, in Man's Cloaths——Once more, pray be kind to him, Madam——With this kiſs I ſeal, and deliver if

liver thee to the care of Heaven—Farewell, my Soul, added he, going out. Heaven keep you, Sir, said she, pray haſten your return———Hah! (cry'd *Bellamant* to himſelf) no longer *Arabella*, when alone. Muſt I receive his Kinſman with the ſame kindneſs and familiarity that I wou'd entertain him? and deny him nothing——I begin to have 'em in the wind———This is purſuant of that excellent Doctrine I heard preach'd to day, by my moſt Learned Miſtreſs in the Art of Love, *Philandra*; whom this Relation of his ſo nearly reſembles; that "were it Fair, as it is Black, "I cou'd not eaſily miſtake it for *Phi-*"*landra* in Man's Cloaths——I'll put all this together; and, let me ſee, what does it ſpell?——*Contrivance*. Ay, that's it. Now is this little fair Devil grown malicious; and in revenge, that I have robb'd her of the younger Brother, comes to tempt my Vertue, and Debauch me, if poſſible, (which was well put in) in the habit of a fine Spark, and then to betray me to *Horatio*, miſtaking me ſtill for my Siſter. And I muſt needs own, that

that I fear I am not Temptation-proof. No, no, 'tis certain I am not. Alas, alas, what will become of me then?——Why, I may thank my Petticoats for all the lewdneſs that is like to enſue———Oh, Petticoat, Petticoat, how attractive thou art of all Vices?———Why, faith now, he was much in the right on't; only in this he miſtook, that it was *Philandra*'s Revenge. For, the Deſign was to take the ſuppos'd *Arabella* in Bed with the pretended *Winlove*, to give the feign'd *Horatio* a *ſeeming juſt occaſion* of parting with her. *Bellamant* was raviſh'd with the deſign which he perceiv'd *Philandra* had of ruining her ſelf; and with impatience expected when ſhe wou'd begin it. However, he ſpent that night very pleaſantly, with his two Friends, who carry'd him out of the fatal Field, over a Bottle or Two. And the next day, about Eleven, one of her Servants, for now 'tis *Arabella* again; came to acquaint her, that one Mr. *Winlove* enquir'd for his Maſter; upon which, ſhe ſent the Servant to wait on him in, and came down ſtairs her

ſelf

ſelf to receive him. The treachery there began with a kiſs too—— Then after having enquir'd of his Couſin's health, and when ſhe expected his return? And having highly, tho' not ſufficiently complemented her Beauty, (at which he ſeem'd as much aſtoniſh'd as ſhe was, at the ſtrange alteration the change of habit, and other diſguiſes had made of the Perſon of *Philandra*, who had on a Black Perruke, had black'd her eye-brows, and eye-lids, and had left a kind of ſhadow on her upper Lip, as if ſhe had been newly ſhav'd) *Winlove* was for taking his leave, which by no means his Lady Couſin wou'd permit; (deſigning a happier Night than ordinary) and in ſhort, prevail'd with him to ſtay Dinner; when he fell afreſh into large Encomiums of her Beauty; ſighing, to think that his Couſin was, and muſt be the only happy man in the World, in the enjoyment of ſuch Perfections as her Ladyſhips, of which, he was Eternally to be debarr'd. She told him, ſhe believ'd it was in his power to make himſelf as happy as his Couſin. *Winlove* was a little ſur-

surpriz'd at that answer of hers; yet *taking Courage, threw at all; approaching her more closely*, and kissing her, till *her Face was all Fever, and her Eyes were all Flame* Then, by a seeming force she got from him, and withdrew into the next room. I see, said *Philandra* to her self, my Documents have pretty well taken root in her, she warms apace, I must not let her Cool. Saying so, he pursu'd her into the next Room, where he wou'd have renew'd his Caresses. But she in a languishing tone, and hiding her face, told him, that tho' her Husband had desir'd her to deny him nothing; as indeed she cou'd not deny him any thing; yet she begg'd she might have a little respite to bethink her self what she was going to do. Nay, Madam, *(return'd he)* that's the way to ruine my Hopes: However, we'll Sup together if you please; and so contrive matters that no notice may be taken of the Happiness which I hope your Ladiship designs me afterwards. They did so, and things were order'd accordingly; that is, he was put to Bed in the next Room on the same Floor

to

to her: And *Arabella*'s Page in Woman's Cloaths double-lock'd the Door upon him: About an hour after *Arabella* unlock'd it, thinking every Moment a Month till the Houſe were ſilent; ſo near did *Bellamant* apprehend his Happineſs; which he wou'd not ha' let ſlip that Night for all his Eſtate, I tan y. But we muſt yet ſuppoſe him *Arabella* a little while, and *Philandra Winelove*: No ſooner then had *Arabella* got into Bed, than *Winelove* was in her Chamber, and had lock'd the Door; and you may believe did not ſtand long on the cold Floor. Madam, (*ſaid he, turning to her,*) this Night were worth Immortality, had I not drank too much at Supper: but the Morning ſhall pay us the Arrears of the preſent. —How, Sir! (*cry'd ſhe*) and do you too deceive my Expectation? — Nay, then, I'm ſure my Husband and you are of the ſame Family, and *too* nearly related. Why, ay, Madam, (*return'd* Winlove,) this Conſcience makes Cowards, and Fools Eunuchs: Or Women of you, (*interrupted* Arabella,) I'm reſolv'd I will know if y'are a Man; (*purſu'd*

ſhe

ſhe, *embracing her very ſtrictly.*) O, *Philandra*, (*cry'd he, ſpeaking in a more Maſculine Tone,*) 'tis now *my* turn to play the Man, and revenge my ſelf upon you for all my Sufferings, that yet were not worth this raviſhing killing Moment, which ſure I can't out-live! ---Then cou'd not he ſpeak one word more for a whole moment or two: After he call'd her *Philandra*, the poor Soul was ſo amaz'd, or overjoy'd, that ſhe did not, or (may be) cou'd not or wou'd not ſpeak one word; till at laſt he had juſt liberty to ſay, Now, Madam, you ſhall find that neither Night nor Morning ſhall be indebted to me. At which, ſhe cried out, O Heavens! my Lord, are you then *reſolv'd* to ruine me? ——And now, both were Tongue-tied again: About 4 a clock in the morning, *Philandra*, with a thouſand Kiſſes and tender Embraces, and with Tears in her Eyes, ſaid to him, Tho', my Lord, you have now by my own fooliſh Intriguing, rifled me of the greateſt Treaſure, my Honour, and graſp'd all thoſe Joys at once, for which you ſtrove ſo long, ſo often, and ſo fatal-

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ly: You will not leave me thus naked, and ſpoil'd of all that is valuable. May not I hope, that you will reſtore what you have taken from me, my Honour? I now beg it of you as an Act of Humanity, and becoming your accuſtom'd Generoſity and Goodneſs. Will you not marry me, my Lord? Can you doubt it, Madam? *reply'd he, by way of Interrogation.* Let me firſt be clear of the Death of that brave Man; and then, my Life, we'll be as Happy as 'tis poſſible. She then proceeded to ask his Pardon, that ſhe had deſign'd to betray *Arabella* to *Horatio*, who wou'd have taken that occaſion to part with her, ſtill ſuppoſing him to be *Arabella*. And added, that *Horatio* wou'd be there at five that Morning, or ſoon after. *Bellamant* ſmil'd, and told her, he was more oblig'd to *them for their Plot*, than he was to his Anceſtors for his Honour and Eſtate: And, after he had taken *a fair Leave of her*, ſhe return'd to Bed in the next Room, *from the place of Execution*; without diſcovering the pretended *Horatio*'s Sex, leſt he ſhou'd forſake her, and marry

marry *Henrietta*, whose Charms she was but too well acquainted with for her ease. Nor wou'd she rid *Bellamant* of his troublesome Apprehensions for the suppos'd Death of *Worthygrace*, till she had secur'd him to her self by Marriage.

Between five and six that morning *Horatio* came to his Lady's Lodgings, as was expected; and went directly up Stairs to her Bed-chamber, which he enter'd very softly, and found her fast asleep, and all alone; for the Key was left designedly on the out side. He did not desire to wake her by any means, and therefore retreated as silently as he enter'd, locking the Door after him. Thence he came to the next Room, where *Winlove* lay, the Door of which he found double lock'd, and the Key without, which he turn'd, and stole in with the least noise imaginable: coming to the Bed-side, he found her in a dead Sleep too; and being unwilling to disturb her, was returning down Stairs; and going to lock the Door, made so much noise as wakened her. Who's there? (*ask'd* Philan-

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dra.) Softly, softly, (*return'd* Horatio, *creeping towards her*,) —Will you rise? I will just now, (*reply'd she*,) getting up, and dressing So together they went to the Park, where they took a round or two, till 'twas about eight a clock. Thence they went to a Coffee-house, where they drunk three or four Dishes of Chocolet apiece: then they adjouru'd to *Locket*'s, where whil'st their little Break-fast or Dinner was preparing, *Henrietta* began to ask Questions, more to satisfie her own Curiosity, than to keep t'other awake, tho it were very necessary to talk to her lest she shou'd ha' slept: Prithee, (*said she*) and without any Preface, let me know the success of last Night's Adventure; Is she obstinately Vertuous, or are there any hopes of our Parting? Ah! no; (*reply'd* Philandra,) she's Chast as Ice, and true to your Bed as the Load-stone to its Point. 'Tis true, (*pursu'd she*) after a whole Day's Courtship, I at last prevail'd; and, as I thought, had reach'd my end; for I lay with her in her own Bed, from eleven to four; But—— Nay, that's enough;

enough ;(*interrupted* Henrietta.) Hold ; pray hear me out ; (*cry'd t'other,*) I had no sooner taken her in my Arms, than she sigh'd and wept, and cry'd, Ah me! what do you mean *Philandra?* you can't carry the Cheat on in *Bed* I'm sure. Heaven, (said I, in my thoughts) wou'd thou wou'dst make me a Man this moment! This I wish'd, that I might ha' serv'd thee, my dear *Henrietta.* And pleasure yourself, Madam, (*return'd* Henrietta.) But (it seems) she knew you then? Ay, ay, knew me, as I *am*; knew me *Philandra*: knew me to be *Womankind*, or I dare engage I had ne'er come so near her. But (O!) when I first embrac'd the poor dear Creature, how it did *tremble*! how short it drew its breath! and the poor Heart of it did beat so very fast and loud, that though the Larum of my Watch beat that very moment, I yet cou'd hear the Motion of its Heart distinctly above t'other. Ay! (*said* Henrietta) that's odd and strange: Prithee, what shou'd cause it? Surprize, I imagine (*reply'd* Philandra) to find me play my part so vigorously and

ſo much to the life. But (*ask'd* Henrietta) ſince ſhe knew you to be *Philandra*, what occaſion'd you to leave her Bed before I came? O, Madam, (*reply'd t'other*) that was to blind your Ladiſhip's Attendants, who ſaw me go to Bed in the Room where you found me; who wou'd have thought it very impudent in her to find ſhe had receiv'd a young Spark to her Bed; for which ſhe miſtook me. I can but ſmile (*ſaid* Henrietta) to think, how finely you had been ſerv'd, if inſtead of the Siſter you had met the Brother there. To anſwer you wantonly to your Suppoſition, (*return'd* Philandra) I muſt tell you, had my Lord been living, and there, he wou'd ha' done me Knight's Service. But, after all this, (*ſaid* Henrietta) I cannot any longer perſonate her Bridegroom, eſpecially in *Bed*. You need not, (*reply'd* Philandra) do you continue at my Houſe, and I will keep her in her Lodgings, for I have engag'd to wait on her every other day till you return; which you may defer this month, if you pleaſe. It muſt be ſo, (*reply'd* Henrietta)

rietta.) The Table was then cover'd, and immediately after two or three Dishes were serv'd in, which were instead of a Dinner: By the strength of which they ventur'd to travel seven or eight Miles from the Town in their own easie Coach. Mean while *Arabella*, as soon as her Ladiship was dress'd, sent for her two Friends to take a Dinner and a Bottle with her; who came precisely at the hour: so to dinner they went, and her Ladiship eat and drank, as if she had been already quick with three Children, and were to feed Them and her self: for (to say truth) she had taken a great deal of pains. That day and night he enjoy'd himself with his drinking Friends; but the next was Loves and *Philandra*'s. A very pretty course of life this Loving and Drinking is, in my Opinion; which he continu'd for above a Fortnight; consecrating one day and night to his Mistress, and the next to his Friends and the merry Bottle.

Worthygrace in the mean time had made very considerable Advances in

the Esteem of the real *Arabella*; he found her inclinable enough to favour his Suit: The only Obstacle she pretended, was, That she wou'd see her Brother's Death reveng'd e'er she cou'd be perfectly Happy in *any State*: And in order to that, she told them, she wou'd leave *France* in three or four days. To which he return'd, That he wou'd certainly leave it at the same time; since, when she was gone, he had no longer any business or pleasure there. And besides, did solemnly oblige himself to shew her the Unhappy Man who kill'd her Brother, and to help her in her Revenge upon him. This Overture of his seem'd to affect her very much: And she consented he shou'd accompany her to *England*; which he did, after they had recommended all their Friends there to Heaven's Protection. And on that very day they left *Paris* there came a Letter from *Henrietta*, with an account of all her Transactions, since she had taken upon her the Person of her younger Brother: but he did not receive this, till he had been near a Fort-

night

night here. As soon as they set foot on *English* ground, they made all possible haste to Town; and happen'd to come to *Bellamant*'s Lodgings that same day on which *Philandra* came to visit him in her own wonted Habit. 'Twas about three a clock in the Afternoon, when *Arabella* whispering *Bellamant*'s Petticoated Page in the Ear, ask'd, if his Lord were within; who reply'd Yes, Madam; and knowing her very well, ran to acquaint *Bellamant*, who was somewhat busie with *Philandra*, that a Gentleman and a Lady desir'd to speak with her Ladiship. He wou'd not tell his suppos'd Lady, that 'twas *Arabella*, lest *Philandra* shou'd apprehend that he knew 'twas *Bellamant* whom he had seen in Bed with her more than once. Shew 'em into the Parlour, (*said* Bellamant) I'll wait on 'em instantly. I can't imagine who they should be, (*added he, to* Philandra.) The Page led 'em into the Parlour, and left 'em together. Now, Madam, said *Worthygrace*, I do keep the promise I made to your Ladyship, for you see in me the unhappy

man that kill'd my Lord, your Brother; and I beſeech you proſecute me with all the rigour of the Law, that I may not live in deſpair. 'Tis hard, Sir, return'd ſhe, I ſee your Love, and our unequal misfortunes, but here comes one that may put an end to 'em, I hope. At that word, *Bellamant*, and *Philandra* enter'd.—All of 'em at the ſight of each other, ſtood fix'd, and look'd like their own Monuments. *Bellamant* having a preſence of mind above the reſt, was the firſt that broke the Charm; who, crying out, O my Lord, and dear Brother, are you yet among the Living? ran to *Arabella*, and embracing and kiſſing her cheeks, whiſper'd to her at the ſame time, that ſhe ſhou'd own her ſelf *Bellamant*. My dear *Arabella*, ſaid his Siſter, embracing him again, how happy am I to ſee thee once more. Ah, *Philandra*, *purſu'd ſhe*, I hope you will at laſt put an end to our diſpute, in your choice of one of us; at which, *Philandra* bluſh'd, and wept. Nay, my Lord, return'd *Worthygrace*, I am otherwiſe engag'd, you may believe; for tho' I have hitherto miſta-

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ken your Lordſhip for the Lady your Siſter, I muſt continue my addreſs to her; and I hope your Lordſhip is ſenſible that my paſſion is real. Ay, Sir, reply'd *Arabella*, ſtill perſonating her Brother; my Siſter has the misfortune to be very like me, and I doubt not that your paſſion deſign'd for her is real; Siſter (*continu'd ſhe*) let me commend this Gentleman to your deareſt thoughts. Saying ſo, ſhe joyn'd their hands. Do you conſent to make me happy, Madam? (ſaid *Worthygrace*, to his Rival that was) I can't do better Sir, than to follow the advice of my honour'd Brother, ſaid *Bellamant*. Well, Siſter, return'd *Arabella*, for your kind complaiſance, I will add 5000 *l.* to your Fortune, and make it up Thirty Thouſand pounds. Your Lordſhip, ever, was my moſt obliging and affectionate Brother (reply'd *Bellamant.*) *Philandra* all this while did not know how to behave her ſelf; ſometimes ſhe was ready to burſt with envy, to ſee *Worthygrace* forſake her, for *Arabella*; and ſometimes with laughter, to ſee how neatly the Brother and Siſter play'd a contrary part.

At last she broke silence, and said, I am happy beyond *Expectation*, *Hope*, *or Wish*, my Lord, to see your Lordship, and this Honourable Gentleman living, and so happily united. They both Saluted, and thank'd her. I dare say my Lord, said *Bellamant* to *Arabella*, your Lordship is horribly asham'd, and weary of your Petticoats. You may be confident of it, reply'd she. To morrow your Lordship will appear like your self, I hope, return'd *Bellamant*. I wish my Lord, said *Worthygrace* to *Arabella*, that your Lordship had so appear'd in *Paris*. But then I suppose you had lost all the divertee your Lordship has had with my passion, mistaking you for the Lady your Sister. Ay, Sir, return'd *Arabella*, you have spoken my thoughts. Sir, said *Philandra* to *Worthygrace*, I believe there is an acquaintance of yours at my Country-house, whom I will wait on hither to morrow.—— Mean while, pursu'd she, to *Arabella*, my Lord, I humbly take my leave. I am your Ladyships Servant, added she to *Bellamant*, Mr. *Worthygrace*, your Servant. They all waited on her to her Coach, and

and *Worthygrace* wou'd needs attend her home, that she might not be alone, and that he might the sooner see his Sister. *Henrietta* expres's'd a great deal of satisfaction at the sight of her Brother, after so long an absence; nor was he behind hand in his expressions *of joy at the sight of her*; *Philandra* only was disconsolate, who found she shou'd dye an *Unmarry'd Widow*, unless she took up with Sir *Blunder Slouch*, or some such Booby of a Husband.

When *Bellamant* and his Sister were alone, she wou'd fain ha' known why he had oblig'd her to personate him? Who reply'd, there are reasons of State, Child, too dark for thee to pry into. Now it was only generously to preserve *Philandra*'s Reputation unsuspected. Next morning *Bellamant* was dres's'd like himself, and *Arabella* was as Glorious as her best habiliments cou'd make her; and about Ten a Clock *Worthygrace*, *Henrietta*, *Philandra*, and Sir *Blunder Slouch*, who went to visit *Philandra* the day before, came to Congratulate his Lordship's return to the Land of the Living, as he had welcom'd

welcom'd *Worthygrace* to life again. To this end came *Henrietta*, no longer now in Man's Apparel. When the Complements on all sides were over, *Worthygrace* led his Sister to *Arabella*, to beg her pardon, that she had thus long abus'd her with the appearance of a Man. How, cry'd *Bellamant*, is this the Beautiful Counterfeit that I have heard my Sister speak of? It is then in her power to make me the most happy of all Mankind, in receiving an heart that was made for her to command. In which I beg your assistance, Sir, added he to *Worthygrace*; who reply'd, that he was assur'd his Sister wou'd be advis'd by him in any thing, especially in what wou'd for ever compleat her happiness on Earth; which she confirm'd. Replying, I am all obedience, Sir, you are now both Father and Brother to me. *Worthygrace* then presented her hand to *Bellamant*, who received it with the greatest demonstrations of satisfaction and joy. Now, Madam, said he to *Philandra*, we have made your choice easie to you; for you can now be cruel to neither of us. I only beg you

you will not be cruel to Sir *Blunder*, who has been your old and faithful Servant. I think indeed he was bound before me, and has serv'd out his whole Apprentiſhip of Seven Years; pray Madam make him free at laſt, we all make it our Petition to you (ſaid *Worthygrace* and the Ladies.) I hope, Madam *Philandra*, (cry'd Sir *Blunder*) you will at laſt take pity upon me. Ay, Knight (return'd ſhe) But—'Tis for my own ſake, you may be confident. I am reſolv'd I will not be ſingular, among ſo many Worthy and Honourable Friends. But firſt I beg one word with your Lordſhip (added ſhe to *Bellamant*) who approach'd her very humbly and reſpectfully, bowing down his head to receive her whiſper——Are not you a Falſe man? (ſaid ſhe) Ay, Madam (reply'd he) but that is becauſe you are a True Woman.—And let me remind you, that you have had the pleaſure *to make a Whore of me, and a Cuckold of my Wife.* Beſides, I have taken care that your reputation ſhall not ſuffer by me—Alas (Madam purſu'd he aloud) what needed this have been whiſper'd?—She ſays Sir *Blunder*, ſhe will not be debarr'd the gayety of her humour, nor be confin'd to your damn'd Conventicles, nor ſmoaky City. And truly I think it is but reaſonable ſhe ſhou'd not. In good faith (reply'd Sir *Blunder*) ſhe ſhall have Liberty of Conſcience, if ſhe'll have me: Upon that, *Bellamant* gave him her hand; and Sir *Blunder* was the happy Man that got the City-Fortune; who indeed I think was fit for no man elſe. My Lord (ſaid *Worthygrace*) I will follow your generous Example, and add Ten Thouſand

Thouſand Pounds to my Siſter's Portion, to make it Thirty Thouſand Pounds. And now I beſeech your Lordſhip (purſu'd he) to prefix the day that ſhall make us all happy. By this day fortnight (return'd *Bellamant*) we may be prepar'd for the mighty Bleſſing. This day fortnight (cry'd *Philandra*) I'll not ſtay an hour, but will have the honour to ſet you the Glorious Example. There is a *Doctor* hard by I warrant you, that will oblige me ſo far. He was immediately ſent for, and they were both Executed at one blow. This day (ſaid ſhe) I challenge as mine; you are all my Gueſts, and I have already order'd a Dinner at my Country Farm, whither you all muſt go. Upon this, they inſtantly took their Coaches, and drove for the Lady *Slyche's*; who, as I have heard, about Eight Months after, was fain to be brought to Bed; before the Child cou'd be Born, which was very like the Father: The Lord *Bellamant* was Godfather; as any Spark or Beau may be to the next, if he knows where to find her.

FINIS.